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PRICE

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CARL SHREVE

Will they get the COLD SHOULDER?

By DOROTHY DRAIN

When Grandpa saw these samples of the latest office wear And heard that backs as well as legs were likely to be bare— "I told them so in '93," he snorted, irritated; "If once you let the women in, then dignity is fated."

HAVING risen from office-boy to company director, grandfather has seen every battle lost from the original one about the lady clerk in the firm to the struggle a couple of years ago when one of the junior typists started wearing

her slacks on Saturday morning because she wanted to go to fire-fighting practice in the afternoon.

The fact that he married the lady clerk has, he says, no bearing on the matter.

"A fine woman," he admits, and adds, "not like the flibbertigibbet we had after her, who used to wear transparent blouses."

When he simmered down about these pictures of the latest New York fashions, he admitted, dismally, that no doubt if the women got determined about it, they would win in the end.

Stick together

"TALK about trade unionism," said Grandpa. "I tell you there's no stronger example of solidarity than women if they decide they want their way about something."

These bare-back styles caused a stir in New York in the summer just over. They had been tried out by a few pioneering types last year, but reached a controversial stage this year as more and more business girls bought them.

As a style, pure and simple, the bare top and little jacket is positively hoary. It must be eight or ten years at least since it came into favor for beach or cruise wear.

But no one at that time thought of bringing them into juxtaposition with typewriters and filing cabinets.

(I once worked in a newspaper office in one of the hotter parts of Australia where the sub-editors, out of the public gaze, of course, used



ABOUT 5000 of this style of dress with matching jacket were sold in America last summer.



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AT LUNCH TIME many girls who work in city offices go to the nearest park. Bare-back dresses are suitable for sunbath.



THERE'S A JACKET for this dress. U.S. businessmen say the girls should put it on for dictation.



COOL AND EFFICIENT, says the wearer. "But what about the efficiency of the rest of my staff?" asks her boss.

to remove collars, ties, AND shirts in summer. But I don't think the chief of staff would have liked any of his young ladies to wear their playsuits on the job.)

Still, time marches on. . . . When managers of some of the big United States banks and insurance offices were questioned recently about the bare-back fashion, they said it might be regrettable, depending on the back, but they didn't see what they could do about it.

Australian institutions of similar standing are more likely to align themselves with Grandpa. Most of them, possibly in view of just such contingencies, have their staffs in uniform.

In some banks, transparent blouses, those bugbears of conservative employers during the last war, are still frowned on. A dim view is taken of too much make-up, and at least one Australian firm forbade its staff to wear elaborately rolled hair when the fashion first came in.

Grandfather, however, says that while we may be more conservative in this country, he has seen enough horrifying things accepted, such as painted legs, to make him pessimistic.

"I well remember," he said, "when old Smugglesworth spoke to Miss Hinkins back in 1916 about displaying her ankles when she took dictation. (She married a millionaire later . . . they were very nice ankles.)"

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The Australian Women's Weekly—November 25, 1941

The GRISWOLD STORY

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PROFESSOR and Mrs. Griswold were about to tell it again. Barbara knew the signs because she was almost twenty years old and had heard it, she guessed, more than a thousand times.

When they told it to people of their own epoch it was bad enough, but when they told it to people of hers it was worse. And when it was related to a mixed group — there were points at which her mamma giggled and her father smiled slyly — it was so awful it made you want to flee under a rug.

Aside from the story, and the light-minded attitude it evidenced, the Griswolds were very satisfactory parents. They had no idea what the score was, of course, due to the infirmities of age, but they were nice looking, in an antique way, and usually agreeable. They were surprisingly good conversationalists, too, if you stuck to frivolous topics. Anyway, Barbara loved them and they loved Barbara. But the story was a terrible ordeal.

Usually they told it during the cocktail hour, but this evening, fortunately, they had deferred inflicting it upon the new Professor Warren until dessert.

"Mamma," Barbara said, "may I be excused? John is coming for me at eight and we have to go to the dance. It's formal, and I haven't dressed."

"Why, of course, dear," Mrs. Griswold said.

Barbara smiled sympathetically at the Warrens, who would have to sit and take it, and left the room.

"We bore and shock her," Mrs. Griswold said.

"She's a simply beautiful girl," Mrs. Warren said.

"She makes me feel old enough to be excavated."

"That startling blonde hair and those lovely dark eyes and lashes."

"A killer," Professor Warren agreed.

"Except she just won't kill anyone," Mrs. Griswold said. "With that equipment I would have slain them in droves."

"Is the 'John' she's going out with Doctor Latham's son?" Mrs. Warren asked. "We met him at a faculty tea."

"It would be difficult to fall to," Professor Griswold said. "Will you hand me your plates?"

"Such a nice, serious young man."

"The adjectives are superbly chosen."

"How do you do this orange thing?" Professor Warren asked. "It's delicious."

"Well, you just cut a circle through the skin round the middle and then loosen the top half with a knife and carefully turn it up until it forms a cup."

"You have to use thin-skinned oranges," Mrs. Griswold said.

"And then you put a little sugar in and a jigger of brandy and light it, like this, and the heat brings out the orange oil. It's a Hawaiian stunt."

"What did Barbara mean by 'having to go to the dance'?" Mrs. Warren asked. "It's the one to welcome the Navy, isn't it? Five hundred beautiful ensigns!"

"Isn't it amazing? At her age I would have been all over them," Mrs. Griswold said, "like a pet squirrel. But Barbara would prefer to drive very simply out, into the desert with John, and park some place, and have a good head-to-head talk about differential calculus."

"No!" Professor Warren said. "No! No!"

"Yes, that's what they do; I'm perfectly convinced. And this Arizona moon gets to be as big as a barrel."

"Well," Professor Griswold said, "mathematics is a nice cosy subject. I like to talk it myself."

"If you'd ever talked it to me, George, at least in the privacy of the desert, I, for one, would now be Mrs. Somebody Else."

"I haven't the least idea what I

did talk about," Professor Griswold said.

"I have, dear," Mrs. Griswold said.

The professor and Mrs. Griswold looked at each other, and this seemed to be a good opening for the story, so they began to tell it.

The story started with how Professor and Mrs. Griswold had met, of course. The professor had been a sergeant of infantry at this time, and his outfit had been sent to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, to enjoy a few days of mud before boarding a transport. On the first day there the sergeant got a pass to go to New York to see his mother, who was in Cleveland, so he had called up a girl named Helen who was living at the Three Arts Club, mistakenly studying the violin.

On arriving at the Three Arts the sergeant was asked to enter a reception room. And in the reception room was a girl who caused him, in his abrupt, decisive, military way, to take leave of his senses.

"I could see at once," Mrs. Griswold told the Warrens, "that he was infatuated. Weren't you, George?"

"Yes, dear."

"George was one of the most primitive men of his day," Mrs. Griswold said proudly. "Weren't you, George?"

"Yes, dear."

"Until I cut him down," Mrs. Griswold said.

You can see how Barbara would feel, her own mamma and father going on like this. And this was just the start.

Anyway, Helen had bounded in at this point, followed by a corporal who had big red wrists and a gap between his front teeth, and a date with the girl the sergeant had become mad for.

"He had been thrust upon me by an aunt, of course," Mrs. Griswold said.

Helen, however, had begun introducing everybody. This is George Griswold, Grace. . . This is Grace Rainsford, George.

"And this is Corporal Belding," Grace had said, "a close chum of my thoughtful old Aunt Hattie from dear old Galesburg, Illinois, and think how practical it would be for all of us to go out together."

So they had all got into a taxi and the sergeant had begun to live only for a moment when he could somehow get rid of Helen and the corporal.

"George had the first unexpurgated mind I'd ever read," Mrs. Griswold told the Warrens. "Hadn't you, George?"

"Yes, dear."

It was at this point that the story, to Barbara, became a skeleton. Most people kept them in closets, but not her mamma and father. They not only dragged it out, but rattled it like castanets.

The sergeant had attempted to get rid of Helen and the corporal by going from place to place. About twelve o'clock Helen asked to be taken home. This, however, left the corporal. And from here on, Barbara's shudders always became practically uncontrollable.

The sergeant could not only not get rid of the corporal, but the little party began attracting other characters as well. They enlisted (while Barbara always died a thousand deaths) a little coterie of riffraff including the vice-president of a flea circus, an armed dwarf, and an even more repulsive corporal, called "Don't Call Me Claude." And with these sweepings of the city, including her father, Barbara's mamma — her own mamma — had whipped about New York simply screaming with laughter.

Finally, however, they had been reduced to the original corporal, who, by this time, was carrying a simply side-splitting parcel of marinated herring. So, when he had at last passed out, they drove him over to the Public Library, because he'd been telling them what a great reader he was, and made him comfortable

against a lion. Then her father (this killed them) had unwrapped the fish and printed "Out to Lunch" on the brown paper, and pinned it to the corporal's chest.

And then her mamma (they died again) had put the fish in the corporal's pocket. And each had felt the other to be so gay and indispensable and tender that they had become married at once.

"Poor Barbara!" Mrs. Griswold told the Warrens. "She feels we entered the holy bonds simply on the strength of a fish."

Barbara now came in again, looking like something out of this world

in a backless evening dress. The Warrens were still hooting with laughter and her mamma had the giggles and her father was again collecting the plates with the oranges on them. Barbara thought that if they were typical of their generation it wasn't any wonder the world was in a mess. Then the door-bell rang.

John came in and made the Griswolds and the Warrens feel at home with a few well-chosen remarks and then helped Barbara on with her evening wrap. He was very polite while doing this, but he did not look at Barbara as if he thought she was

something out of this world. He looked at her as if he sincerely admired her and that this was because she always got a "one" in mathematics.

"That," Professor Warren said, when Barbara and John had gone, "is what I might call a biological pity, if you don't mind."

"We mind," Mrs. Griswold said, "but we can't help it."

"He certainly wouldn't seem to be a very exciting suitor," Mrs. Warren said.

"That's what Barbara likes about him. She adores unexcitement. Isn't it weird? And ever since she was seventeen she's had the most attractive boys on the University of Arizona campus simply picketing the premises. Boys," Mrs. Griswold said, "whom I would have pursued at a dead gallop. Wouldn't I, George?"

"Yes, dear."

"And Barbara told me the other day, absolutely without inflection," Mrs. Griswold said, "that she thought there was an excellent mathematical probability that she and John would marry after he got his Master's. After they had spent, of course, another few years exploring each other's minds. Mind! My mind simply never occurred to George. Did it, dear?"

"Not until later, dear."

"This is Bill Hatch, father," Barbara said. "Doesn't he look silly, Bill?"

"You see? But Barbara! She feels that the way George and I pounced into matrimony was simply neolithic. That was the skin age, George? And that to keep on telling about it is even worse. Though where she'd have been to-day! And the way it turned out, too. Well, here we are, I mean, and many people aren't."

"Well, kids are doing it in this war, too," Professor Warren said. "What does Barbara think about that?"

"She shudders," Mrs. Griswold said.

At about 11:45 the Warrens departed, and Professor and Mrs. Griswold went to bed. Barbara's mamma went to sleep at once, but the professor got permission to read until Barbara came home. John always brought her home early because they both liked to be fresh and eager for the morning's mathematics.

Professor Griswold became so absorbed in his book, a treatise entitled "The Daisy Chain Murders," that when the basketball coach was finally unmasked he saw, to his surprise, that it was ten minutes to three. Though the hour was almost unprecedented he was almost sure Barbara had not come home. He would have heard her. Anyway, she would have come to the door to wave good-night.

Please turn to page 12

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

THE GENTLE ART

He had thought out a brand-new and fascinating theory on how the perfect murder could really be committed.

By MICHAEL HARTING



I NEVER thought that Michael would commit murder; even when he discussed it as a matter of practical politics, I still thought he was joking. For one thing, he wasn't a morbid sort of fellow; he wasn't, for instance, a fiction-writer like me. And, when he did write, in what little spare time his doctoring allowed, he kept to the factual things of life, to travel and climbing, to the things he knew and loved.

It was one of those long autumn evenings when there was no blitz on, and he had come over to talk about his books and his mountaineering, and his duties in the Home Guard—all those things which were part of his life and which made him such an attractive fellow to know. The subject cropped up when I was outlining my latest plot.

"Don't be a fool, Robert," he said. "It's the same with all you writers; you all look on murder in quite the wrong way. You play about with theories that are satisfactory until you put them into practice. Your

"There wouldn't be any sense in you murdering Robert," Sylvia said laughingly.

murders are perfect so long as they remain on paper. The whole essence of the clever murder—not the 'perfect murder' that's found out in the last chapter—is to avoid killing anyone. The whole idea should lie in encouraging the victim to kill himself.

"After all," he continued, "I've only taken you climbing twice, but on

either occasion you could easily have killed yourself if it hadn't been for my guiding and experienced hand."

As he was speaking the door had opened and my sister had come in, flaxen-haired and eager—far too attractive for the embryo lawyer who had just deposited her at the door. With her usual ease she threw the hypothetical spanner into the works. "There wouldn't be any sense in your murdering Robert," she said laughingly. "That's why you might get away with it. Now everybody knows how he covets your library; and more than a few of us know that it will come to him if you meet a sticky end, on a mountain or anywhere else for that matter. If it were you who were found dead in suspicious circumstances, they'd just come round here and collect him automatically."

The argument seemed to be working out along too personal lines, but Michael wouldn't let it drop. "That's where you all make the same mistake, my dear girl. There need be no suspicious circumstances. A man left to die when he might be saved, accidents of a dozen different kinds, natural accidents which might have been prevented, these are the things an intelligent murderer would, and more probably does, utilise."

"You may not pull off the job the first time, but you can always try

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again. That's the beauty—and the safety—of the idea. Now, as a climber . . ." Michael rambled on. Sylvia grinned. I chuckled, thinking over his words, and wondering, even then, what they might lead to.

"As a climber," he continued after a pause. "I should have unlimited opportunities. It's only necessary to tempt a man up a climb that's too difficult for him; nature does the rest. All those stories about cut ropes, gentle pushes, and that old friend of yours, the gaping abyss, just aren't necessary to a murderer with an ounce of initiative."

He had worked out the idea in some detail before a small voice jokingly but effectively silenced him.

"You're putting us in rather a difficult position, Michael. If you ever were involved in an accident, we'd feel morally bound to go to the police, you know." He agreed that the position would be a delicate one and let the subject drop. As I said, if we went on much longer, one of us would be producing a corpse purely for experimental purposes.

"Anyway," came Michael's last remark as he left, "it would make a good story. Only you'd need a really brilliant ending to keep pace with it."

I agreed. The ending would have to be brilliant.

I think we all forgot about the matter in a day or two. Michael went back to his cottage in the country, where he was deputising for an old friend. Sylvia returned to college, and I—well, I just went on turning out the stuff I'd been writing for more weary years than I care to remember. We heard from Michael occasionally; heard how he had found a first edition of some rare climbing book in an out-of-the-way village; how he had helped to pioneer a new route on some obscure and almost inaccessible Scottish crag; or, more often, how he had had an article on some touchy point of climbing ethics published in one

of the more superior (and better-paying) quarterlies.

It must have been about three months later, when Sylvia was home again, that we first heard of the accident. It got only a small note in the dailies, sandwiched between a Spitfire Fund notice and "Chinese Floods," and recorded how a climber had fallen to his death off Ellerman's Rake. The dead man's name was Peter Mander. I had heard Michael speak to him, and a curious idea entered my head. I thought a lot about it during the day. I turned it over in my mind, summing up its possibilities, almost deciding that it was absurd.

I mentioned our conversation of a few months back to Sylvia, but she laughed away the idea that there could be any connection between the two incidents. Nevertheless, I decided to give myself a two days' break from work; to run down and see Michael that evening.

Entering the little studded door of the cottage, I really did envy him. He was young and good-looking. He had a talent far above the ordinary. He enjoyed his job, and he could always, as a sideline, turn out an article in a few hours, confident that a substantial cheque would invariably be following. His climbing library, collected since he had been an enthusiastic boy of fifteen, was the pride of the mountaineer in him as much as the envy of the collector in me.

I was welcomed as I knew I should be, Michael leading me to the long, broad-windowed room that looked out during the daylight hours on to the ragged lines of his garden. He was an ascetic in many ways, and could travel lighter than most men. When working, however, and any time spent away from his beloved hills was synonymous with work, he was the complete sybarite. Two tankards were soon filled from the squat barrel that, as a connoisseur, he insisted on having, and he quickly involved me in some abstruse climbing problem.

It was Michael who mentioned the affair first. "Nasty affair up at the Rake the other day. I was up there, you know. Mander was one of those chaps really up in the first rank. There were none of the existing problems he hadn't tackled, and few that he didn't look like solving one day."

Please turn to page 24



Don't burn it . . .

While goods are scarce and prices high it's sheer folly to let money burn holes in our purses. When things are normal again we shall be furious with ourselves if we've spent recklessly instead of saving. So let's buy only essential things and those the best obtainable. Of the popular Tootal Fabrics, for instance, you can still find Tootal Rayon, Lombia and Toolina. All remarkably trustworthy in wear, and branded 'Tebilized' for tested crease-resistance.

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DR. CLAY'S WIFE

By . . .
MILDRED MEESE

A WEEK after DR. KATHERINE PRESCOTT'S romantic marriage to DR. DAVID CLAY she learns that he actually married her in a fit of pique because beautiful EUNICE WILLIAMS refused to announce her engagement to him as he insisted on joining the Army.

Bitterly disillusioned, Katherine tries to bury herself in her new work at the Evans Memorial Hospital, where David had been doing brilliant research work on Addison's disease. She has staunch friends in DR. TOM ANDREWS and DR. JANE LESTER, but wealthy LUCIEN WHITNEY, Eunice's grandfather and a governor of the hospital, tries to bribe her to divorce David, and is vindictive when she refuses.

With DR. MATTHEWS, who is jealous of Katherine's appointment to the position he wanted himself, Whitney later conspires to have Katherine discredited for a mistake Matthews made, resulting in the death of Mrs. Keller, formerly one of David's patients.

At a stormy staff meeting presided over by DR. HOGARTH, Katherine faces both Whitney and Matthews, exonerating both David and herself. Afterwards she tells Jane, in Eunice's hearing, that she is going to have a child.

Now read on—

"YOU'LL have me as a patient, won't you, Jane," Kay said when they had reached the haven of the laboratory. She leaned her head on her hands then suddenly dropped it on her arm on the desk. "I—I think—I'm going to have the sniffles."

Jane's arm gathered her into a comforting hug. "Of course you are. Go ahead and cry. You've earned it after vanquishing Lucien. And no one could keep me from taking your case, darling. Does David know?"

Katherine shook her head. "I'm not going to tell him," she said in a muffled voice. "And neither are you."

"Kay, you can't do that to David!" There was sharpness in Jane that would have revealed her feeling for him had Kay not known of it long before. "You can't. He doesn't deserve that. Oh, I know all the things you can say," she went on hurriedly. "I know about Eunice chasing up to camp to see him and all the rest of it. All the same, you ought to tell him."

With a supreme effort of will Katherine stood up, brushed her hair back into place. "You're my doctor, Jane," she said quietly. "I shouldn't have given in to that impulse to tell Eunice. If David hears it like that, well and good, though I think it will be the last thing Eunice will want to mention to him. He mustn't hear it from you."

They stood there, the small girl and the big one, both determined and unbending. Kay's set face told Jane of many things she had suspected since that night when she had stood in the country parsonage and watched the man she loved married to another woman.

In spite of her effort to repress it, pity wiped out her anger. She acquiesced.

"Sorry, Kay. It's as you wish, of course. I'm your doctor and I certainly will keep your confidence. I will do everything I can. You are making a mistake. I ought to tell you that. You can't discard David as though he never existed."

"David doesn't exist any more. Not for me."

"You're wrong, you know." "I have made a good many mistakes," Katherine said wearily, "and this may be another one. But I'll save my pride a little bit. Pity isn't

good enough, Jane. I won't be pitied. David isn't to know."

She spoke with a finality that would not be deterred.

"All right," Jane said. "Have it your own way. But let me warn you, Kay, pride is poor stuff for steady diet." She paused. Then she said very quietly, "You see, I know."

The next day Dr. Hogarth came into Katherine's office.

"I've come to persuade you to reconsider your resignation, Dr. Prescott," he said in his courteous way, yet very seriously notwithstanding. "We are chagrined over the embarrassment that was caused you yesterday. We want to make it up to you. We want you to know that you have the complete support of the staff."

"I do know that, Dr. Hogarth." She was still grateful to him for his support in a difficult moment. He might so easily have kept quiet.

"I can't understand Matthews. Much less—" He broke off, confused.

She knew what he meant. "Much less Mr. Whitney?" she supplied the words with something of amusement.

He was relieved that she had carried the matter into the open. "Well, yes," he said. "It seems so—so petty."

"It's just one of those personal things," she said as though it were no great moment. "Naturally he has no love for me. And Dr. Matthews' error gave him a grand chance to score, or try to. That's all."

This was the sort of thing she hated, but it was easier now to drag it out. Had she possessed less pride she might have avoided the issue entirely, but by confronting it she could minimise it. Hogarth reacted thus to it.

"But why should he take it out on you?"

"Oh, well, I think Mr. Whitney isn't used to not getting what he sets out to get, one way or the other."

"Then why give it to him? Why resign? You don't need to, you know. He can't touch you now, not without a very considerable dissection in the staff. He won't risk it."

"I'm grateful to you for that. And I think I owe it to you to be quite frank."

She hesitated a minute, then said with something of confusion that was foreign to her usual manner, "You see—" (odd how difficult it was to say) "you see, it is really personal." She laughed. "Perhaps I should say domestic! I should have to retire in a month or so anyway. Dr. Lester agrees with me that it is just as well to do it now, as soon as you can get someone to replace me."

His face cleared. He was inordinately relieved. "Oh, so that's it," he said heartily. "Well, I'm glad for you. I had no idea, I was afraid it was this other thing. Naturally Dr. Clay will want you to take things easier."

"Naturally," Katherine said.

"Why not have leave of absence, then? That can be arranged. Or does Dr. Clay prefer—"

"My plans—our plans—are not completely made," Katherine said carefully. "It's difficult to plan very far ahead."

"Yes, none of us knows what to anticipate," he said gloomily. "Well, good luck, Dr. Prescott. We shall be sorry to see you go, but this of course changes everything."

"And thank you," Kay said. "I shan't forget that you were willing to put your head in the lion's mouth for me!"

Hogarth looked uncomfortable, but he chuckled.

"I think," he said, "that particular lion, Dr. Prescott, thanks to you, has had his teeth drawn. That's an accomplishment that has been needed here for a long time."



"Why—hello, Kay!" said David, turning away from Eunice and the student.

He bowed with his old-fashioned grace and left the office muttering under his breath a number of things not strictly complimentary to Mr. Whitney.

Kay leaned back against her chair wearily. She felt pretty washed out, as Tom would say. Yesterday evening had been more of a strain than she had realised at the moment. This morning she not only felt fatigued and ill but tired of everything connected with the hospital and her work.

As she reviewed the last few months she knew that Matthews never for a moment had forgotten his objective, to drive her out. A hundred little things returned to her, petty and nagging things, little ways in which he, smoothly enough but with unwavering intent, had tried to make her position untenable.

Absorbing romantic serial

Whether Lucien Whitney had known of that and been in league with Matthews all the time, she did not know. It would be like him, she decided. More probably, however, he had merely been an opportunist. It was conceivable that he had just seized on this chance when it came and had conspired with Matthews to turn his mistake into a serious charge against her—at a price, of course.

Contemptible as Matthews was, she knew that he had not really intended to kill Mrs. Keller. His egotism simply would not brook having orders—her orders as he thought—set out for him as they might be for a student.

"Well, that's that," she said, drawing a long breath. In a way she was glad. It was over now. She was

free. She could get away from all this, from everything that would remind her.

She had declined the leave of absence not because she did not want to go back to work after her confinement but rather because she wanted to leave for ever the strained atmosphere of this hospital. She knew it was impossible for her to go on where Eunice and her grandfather were constantly appearing and re-appearing on the scene. Eunice had taken on the not too arduous duties of "flower girl," and consequently was in and out of the hospital with considerable frequency.

No, it was impossible to remain. She would be watched constantly after this. And in spite of the support the men had given her last night she knew they were human enough to find drama in the situation.

She had a life to make for herself. She passed a hand over her forehead, smoothed back the little tendrils that had gathered round her face. Her lips straightened into a firm line. She had a life to make for herself and for her child.

She shut her eyes determinedly. She would not allow herself to think of David. This was her child. She would make a life for both of them.

"Thank goodness for training," she said, and not irreverently. Suppose she had no profession! How dreadful it would be if she had to turn to David now for support. That would be more than she could bear.

She would put all thought of him from her mind, together with the memories of that week they had spent together when she had thought they were so wholly each other's. She pushed back intruding thoughts.

It was the next week that Tom said, "We can get Allison to come along if you want to go, Kay."

"I do. I hope he can come soon," she said. "It's . . . I'm going to have a baby, Tom."

He was silent a moment, then he said gruffly: "It's fine and I'm glad."

"I'm not telling David yet. Don't mention it to him until I do, will you?"

"I suppose he would worry. He needn't, though. You're all right and there's no one better than Jane at that sort of thing. You couldn't be in better hands, you know."

"I know that. She's a rock."

"The best," he said heartily.

She wondered at his tone. Tom and Jane! Why had she never thought of that before? They would make the perfect combination. She scorned the small inner pang she felt. Why did a woman always hate to see another one walk off with a man she, herself, could not love, just because he once had loved her? "For shame, Kay!" she reproved herself. "It would be perfect."

"But," he continued, "what's all this I hear about you giving up the house? Nurse Rivers said this morning that she was going to live with Jane."

Kay nodded. "I'm going into the country," she said casually. "But don't worry. I won't be far away from you two. I couldn't get along without my guardian angels!"

"Watchdogs, you mean?" He grew very red and uncertain. "Look here, Kay, are you sure it isn't anything else? It isn't . . . you don't need anything, do you?" He mopped his face uneasily. "If David . . ."

Please turn to page 21



To-day
at the office



Tonight at the Dance

She's lovely
with Pond's "Lips" and
Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Pond's Dreamflower Powder . . . to mist your face with soft enchantment . . . to give you a "dream girl" complexion . . . and to keep it that way all the joyous evening long. Pond's "Lips" . . . to accent your lips with glowing, tantalising colour . . . to go on smooth as scarlet satin . . . and stay on and on . . .





P.S. You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" at your chemist or store, though now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. But Pond's are doing their best to keep everyone supplied.

TRIGGER FINGER

Like a magic charm, the ruby ring had brought luck to Betsy and Bert

By Australian author
JANET RYALL

Of course, that ring you are wearing might make it worth while. Throw that in and I'll make it five pounds ten for the lot."

He bowed slightly over her hand his eyes fixed on the small ruby. Then he showed the gold in his front teeth.

"You wouldn't do better anywhere," he said.

"That?" she said, incredulously. "Oh, I couldn't sell that."

"Then, madam, I am sorry we cannot do business. Some other time perhaps when you have something else to sell."

"But what about the rest? Don't you want the other things?" The shopman looked at the collection of half a dozen articles of trumpery jewellery spread out on the counter. Two pairs of diamante earrings, a string of blue beads with a broken clasp, a metal clip, tarnished, with a small red stone set in it.

Carefully, and with an air of distaste, he picked up the pieces one by one. He held them out in the palm of his hand.

"I am sorry, madam. It would not be worth my while. There is a good market for second-hand jewellery now, but not of this quality. I would like to help you, madam—the gold teeth showed again as his eyes rested on her anxious face—but you see . . . He shrugged his shoulders.

"If you change your mind, my offer still stands. With the ring, five pounds ten."

She walked out of the dark, overcrowded shop and stood confused in a pool of sunlight on the pavement. The human current that flowed up George Street to the heart of the city passed by her, then, slowly, drew her in.

Her feet carried her on. Her mind was bewildered.

Bert's ring. Gee, no, not that!

She lifted her hand and stared at it. The little red stone gleamed only dully, set in the thin gold band.

"Well, Betsy, I told you you'd have a proper engagement ring some day, and here it is!"

That was Bert's voice. It was ringing in her ears above the noise of the traffic—clear, boyish, eager—

Then, hers, disbelieving, shrill. "Bert, where'd you get it?"

"Where'd I get it?" He teased her. "Now that's asking."

"You paid for it?"

His arm was round her shoulder, holding her close.

"Course I paid for it, Betsy, receipt and all. I'll tell you."

"I been out at the showground mooshing round. There was a big crowd round one of the shooting galleries and a big, tall bloke—squat-ter by the looks of him—blazing away at the target. Ten on the eye he gets, right off, with a crowd urging him on. Then he gets eleven, then the round dozen, and the crowd so interested they stops barracking and waits quiet for him to go on. And then he gets an 'outer.' What's he do but sweep off his hat . . ."

"But the ring, Bert?"

"I'm coming to that. He takes

"I am sorry, madam. It would not be worth my while," the dealer said loftily.

off his hat and says, 'Anyone-beat that?'

"I don't know what got into me, but I steps up and says to him, 'I'll give it a go.'"

"Then, seeing he looked a sport, I says, 'What's it worth, mate?' and straight off, without batting an eyelid, he pulls out a roll and says, 'It's worth a fiver.' And that was good enough for me."

"And you did it?"

"The ring to prove it. Matter of fact, I surprised myself. Haven't touched a gun since I was eighteen."

"I just spat on the old trigger-finger and did a bit of praying, and there she was, fourteen, right dead on the centre of the eye."

"And you bought the ring for me. O gee, Bert, it's lovely. I'll be so proud to wear it."

Sell Bert's ring for five pounds ten? It would be like parting with their good luck.

A car horn honked warningly at her, and its brakes protested screechingly. She did not even hear it.

Hadn't Bert said it was the ring changed his luck and got him a job again?

Hadn't he laughed, and said on account of it being lucky that their first child had been a son?

And her happiness with Bert in those first two years of marriage—was that luck? Was there some spirit in the little red ruby that had brought good luck to them both?

The thought grew in her feverish mind. Bert's ring. Bert's luck. Bert saying the night before he sailed for active service abroad, "Never be frightened for me, Betsy; I got all the luck in the world."

And so he must have had, to have come untouched through two years of fighting.

Her heart thudded. Not much longer. Not much more than twenty-four hours, and then he would be home again. Home for ever, she hoped.

Five pounds ten for Bert's ring. She stopped dead in George Street and said aloud:

"I just couldn't."

The sound of her own voice shattered her reverie. She had walked two blocks, passed the Market Street corner, and somehow, without being conscious of it, had come directly to the very spot where she had seen the red dress in the shop window yesterday.

Until she had seen it she had been reconciled to the fact that she could not afford a new dress for Bert's homecoming.

She wanted just to look at it for the last time.

But the red dress had gone from the window! She glanced quickly at the name on the shop front to see if she had not made a mistake, and then suddenly, before she realised what she was doing, she was inside the shop.

"The red dress," she said. "The red dress that was in the window yesterday, is it sold? I saw it there. The one with the white flowers round the neck."

The assistant looked surprised.

"No, madam. It's been put in the showcase. Five guineas, I think. Did you wish to try it on?"

Reality obtruded. She was stupefied. "I . . . I don't think so. I was just looking for a friend . . ."

The girl took it out of the case and held it up before her.

She could see its rich color reflected three times in the wall mirrors round the shop, and the triple reflection of her own shabby blouse and skirt. She put her hand out and touched the cloth, and in that second her will was broken.

"That is," she said, "I'd like to think about it."

"If you want to secure it, madam, you had better leave a deposit. Things go very quickly these days . . . such a shortage."

There was no turning back now. She took five of the seven shillings in her purse, and handed them to the assistant.

"I changed my mind," she said to



the second-hand dealer. "I'll take the five pounds-ten and put the ring in, too." It was off her finger and on the glass counter. The man counted the notes into her hand.

In the middle of the night Betsy woke with a start.

She had dreamed of Bert putting out his hand to take hers, and asking her where was the ring.

She was shivering. The side of her face was cold, and when she felt her pillow it was cold too, and wet. Tears were running down her cheeks.

There was no sound except the quiet breathing of little Bert, asleep in his cot.

She got out of bed and switched

on the light to look at her finger. The skin was pale and pinched in where the ring had been. She began to whisper to herself.

"I never should have done such a dreadful thing. Bert's ring. I wanted to look pretty for him. I didn't want him to see what two years' loneliness and fear had done to me. It was for him, the red dress, not for me. And I sold his ring. Bert's ring, Bert's good luck. What will I tell him?"

Please turn to page 24

Kidneys Must Remove Excess Acids

Help 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If your kidneys are not working properly, the kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste, and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition is a danger signal, and may be the beginning of nagging back-aches, leg pains, loss of pen and energy, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, and dizziness.

There are scores of people who drag out a miserable existence without realising the cause of their suffering. Perhaps their kidneys have fallen behind in their work of filtering the blood, and that may be the root of the trouble. Look to your kidneys; assist them in their work; give them the help they need.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They are used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief, and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.



The first warning that you are infected with painful Surfer's Foot will be an itch and cracks in skin between the toes. This is the time when you should fight the infection with Iodex, which destroys the fungus and heals damaged skin tissues. Iodex is strongly antiseptic but does not blister tender skin. Iodex smeared between your toes is an excellent precautionary measure.

FROM YOUR CHEMIST, 2.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE



LOOK
BETWEEN
YOUR TOES
TOD-NIGHT

"I changed my mind," she said to

Soldier Poets

KUNAI GRASS

THIS writhing plain in the moonlight
To this have I brought
my fears:
"Tall kunai grass, are you listening?"
As you glisten like jewelled
spears.

Yes! rustle in silent laughter
Whilst the wind with foetid
breath,
Brings me your cynical greeting.
And tells of your dance of death.

Deep neath your shrouding cover
Are secrets you wish to keep
Of the dead who lie in the oozing
mud
And the cool of the jungle deep.

To this shimmering plain in the
morning,
Warm with green golden light,
My fears have gone for the day-
time!
But alas! to return with the
night.

—JACK HOMER.

NEVER GO CROOK ON THE COOK

YOU may punish the ear of some swell Brigadier,
With Colonels you needn't be mute.
Though they carry a cane you can snarl and complain
As long as you're fairly astute:
Your landlady's daughter, the more that you court her,
The larger your helpings will look,
So don't cruel your pitch in the Company kitchen,
And never go crook on The Cook.

We know how he tries to effect some disguise
For "Bully" or tinned "M & V,"
Nor is he elated at that dehydrated
Decoction he dishes for tea.
Now he doesn't make it, and still has to take it,
And only the silliest sook
Would abuse such a treasure, and risk lighter measure,
So never go crook on The Cook.

Abuse Mr. Forde, and the rest of the horde,
Depriving the Unit of leave;
With the Bombers from Lae you can have your full say,
And keep no reserve up your sleeve.
On your picketing prow you can grumble and growl,
With no one to bring you to book.
Your wit may be Gallic, but don't be an Alick—
Oh, never go crook on The Cook.

—SAPPER H. G. SCHOTT.



SALUTE

(In memory of Flight/Egt. Ken Warhurst, R.A.A.F., who crashed into the sea, Australia Day, 1944.)

HE went down to the sea and sky
A fledgling. Not afraid to die
That he might live in peace and
beauty.
That he fulfil his duty

Now and for evermore.
He rides the restless seas around our
shore;
Through angry skies that flash elec-
tric shocks
And whip the wild waves crashing
on the rocks;

And where the ice-moon rides and
dawn comes up
In faery clouds or in the thunder-
clap,
He rides the calm sky and a sighing
sea,
And in exalted heights of memory
His courage, honor, and a youthful
laugh
Shall be for us his lasting epitaph.

—SGT. F. RYLAND.



THE SILENCE OF RAMU VALLEY

HIGH to the jungle hills, and loud,
I called his name;
Only the distance met my call;
No answer came.

I murmured his name to the kunai
grass,
To the rotting trees on the moun-
tain pass,
I shouted his name to God and
man,
To the rapid creek that laughed
and ran;
I cried his name in a prayer for
peace,
That we would live, and the war
would cease,

I yelled his name to the stars and
moon,
But night closed in, and the world
was gloom;
And still no answer came.

The valley knows where my brother
lies,
The valley knows if he lives or dies,
The Ramu knows, but it will not
tell.
My brother is lost . . . and there is
hell
In the silence of Ramu Valley.

—SGT. IAN HEALY.

REPATRIATES

(This was the feeling of the lads, when
ambulance personnel were repatriated
from Campo 57, Italy.)

THEY trailed us through the desert
sands,
Through Grecian fog and rain,
And when we stopped a slug or two
They patched us up again.

Theirs was the rotten side of war,
Where glamor was denied.
They answered many a final wish,
As pals and comrades died.

Although we spelled between the
stunts,
With oft an evening free,
Those tents upon the blistering
plains
Saw naught of liberty.

Then came misfortune in their
wake—
A crooked turn of things,
That caught them in its turmoil
fast,
And closely clipped their wings.

Now two long weary years have
passed—
Two years of prison life,
Long years of agony and tears
For mother, sweetheart, wife.

But now those lads are leaving us—
It's hard to realise—
They're heading through the gate
towards
Those blue Australian skies.

And when this history is writ
And we once more are free,
Their names will live in letters gold
In treasured memory.

—SGT. CHARLES WORSNOP,
Prisoner of war.

SENTINEL HEART

SOUTH—on the black-soll plains.
Deep in the Mitchell grass;
Out where the autumn rains
Throb on it as they pass,
You'll find a heart.
Wilgas sing lullabies.
Over it, as it lies.

Don't move it. Leave it there;
Down where the horses graze;
Bathed in the scented air,
Scattering day-dream rays,
Swift as a dart—
Over the lonely sea,
Over the peaks to me.

For although I'm on a troopship—
Body-anchored to a bow-tip
Which slices lazy wavelets—far from
anchorage or bay—
Through my heart I see a home-
stead,
Watch the sunset paint the woodshed,
Even as I oil an Owen gun a thous-
and miles away.

—CPL. J. D. DICKSON.

TO YOU

THE southern breeze is blowing
fresh and strong,
Three thousand miles across the
scrub and sand.
It carries all my loving thoughts
along,
From this far northern outpost of
our land.

The night is long, the stars are
glittering high
Above this maze of tents and
shadowed grass;
I think and dream awhile, till
dawn is nigh,
'Tis one day nearer you—and it
must pass.

—STAFF/SGT. N. J. MYERS.



In all that horror, they could still laugh...

Prisoners' dauntless spirit of defiance inspires Australia

The hearts of all Australians, of the whole civilised world, have been filled with horror and anger at the stories that have come from Japanese prison camps.

From the survivors of the torpedoed Japanese ships the world has been told what happened to our men since two and a half years ago Malaya was shrouded in the pall of smoke and flame that closed over lost Singapore.

BUT there is another aspect to that damning official report which shocked the nation.

To some, it cannot bring comfort; to all, it is reason for pride.

It is something we often hear of, in a word worn with too much use—*morale*. To know what that word can truly mean you must hear the stories of the men themselves.

To hear these lads is to know that when people speak of the "unquenchable spirit of the Australian soldier," they are not merely using a high-sounding phrase.

They are uttering the truth of something that is with the boys who came through; remains with those who are left behind; and was possessed to the last by those others who now will never come home.

It is the spirit of men who, doing cooie work in cruel conditions, half-naked, with poor, scant food, could still laugh.

Of men worn down by illness and disease, who never gave up hope.

Of men, shockingly maltreated by their guards, who could yet invent derisive names for them—"Holly-wood Dick," "Pinhead," "Pretty Boy," "Stormtrooper," "Dillinger," or more simply, "B.B."

It was epitomised by a sergeant, 38 years old, who is home in a Sydney suburb.

Outside the house, where he tells his story, the bright Australian sun shines on a street of neat houses running down to the sea.

Through the door of the sitting-room you can see his mother moving round, clearing up the breakfast things, and marvelling for the hundredth time at a dream realised.

... her boy come home.

This lad carries in his pocket a snapshot that he sent his mother before the fall of Singapore.

The other youthful khaki-clad figure in the picture is his best cobbler, who will never return.

He lost "a lot of good mates," and when his leave is over, if he is fit enough, he would like to do something to avenge them, to help bring the others back.

He can tell you, if he will, of times when "we were feeling pretty low."

He can tell you of how Australian doctors had to keep their scant anaesthetics for amputation, those anaesthetics improvised of Burmese whisky and plant extract; of men who sat silent, rolling a cigarette made of broken Jap cigar, the sweat pouring off their faces, while doctors scraped away the dead flesh of tormented ulcers.

But, he said earnestly, the mothers and wives had had enough of the horrors. The truth was all there in the official report read to Parliament. But, of course, it didn't have room for some of the things that explained why you kept going.

The mothers and wives would want to hear some of the "funny things." And what, you will ask, could be the funny things?

He will tell the story of the five-foot tall Englishman who stole the

seven-pound tin of bully beef and the two tins of condensed milk when prisoners were working in the godowns (warehouses) at Saigon.

"The Japs missed it. They made us form in a double line to search us. It was night, and the place wasn't well lit.

"The Englishman stood near the end of the line in the shadows. We all had to put our hands above our heads.

"The Englishman stood on the tin of bully beef, and he held the tins of milk in his hands above his head.

"The Jap officer 'frisked him' ... and passed on. The Tommy must have sweated. But he got away with it."

He will tell you of how, at the completion of the nightmare railway, they were allowed to hold a "Melbourne Cup a la jungle," with horses, tote, and tickets improvised from bamboo—taught some of their captors to bet, and took them down for their money!

And in the story he unfolds you see that our men must have puzzled the Japanese; that there is indeed a heroism that can shine as clearly in defeat as in victory.

This man was a University student, studying agriculture, before the war.

"So I wasn't used to the work, you might say. Few of us were. There were bank-tellers and clerks—all sorts. There was one fellow of 57. The last I heard, he was still all right."

"Before we went to the railway we were on aerodromes in Lower Burma. They were a picnic compared with the railway."

"When we left to work on the railway we had a speech from a Jap colonel."

"He made his speech the way they always do, with a lot of fire and gas-trousers. Then it was translated in a flat sort of way by an interpreter."

"He said, among other things: 'You are the remnants of a rabble army. You are simply white coolies.'"

"A little later, he said: 'You are not prisoners of war, but the guests of the Japanese Government.'"

"He finished up by saying: 'If necessary, the railway will be built over your skeletons.'"

"Well, they finished a lot of good blokes right enough. But they didn't get us all."

"The most advanced tools we had on the rail-

way construction were wheelbarrows.

"Sometimes shifts lasted as long as 36 hours."

"The ranks of us got 20 to 30 cents a day. Sometimes that meant you worked a day and a half to buy an egg—and you took your chance whether the egg was good or bad."

"The officers theoretically received the equivalent of a Jap officer of the same rank. But half of it was taken back for 'board and lodging.'"

"The greater part of what was left our officers put into our own Red Cross Fund, with which we bought what comforts we could for the sick."

"The Japs tried to play the various nationalities of prisoners off against one another."

Sometimes they promised prizes of fruits to the working parties that



MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY IN BURMA. Australian prisoners of war have returned home from Burma, and the whole world has been shocked by the revelations of their sufferings at the hands of the Japanese.

showed best results for the day—British, Australians, Dutch, or Americans.

"We fixed that," said the sergeant. "We took it in turns to win. Of course we all shared the fruit afterwards."

"Sometimes you would find Japs that weren't as bad as the others. There was one we called 'Harry Ushi.' Ushi is a word meaning cow or bull, or any meat on the hoof. He was a fairly decent chap."

"There was a sergeant we called George, who turned nasty in the end. But sometimes he used to tell us that when the British came he would sell his rifle for five dollars and take to the scrub. He was a realistic fellow."

"There was a sergeant's batman who once ate the sergeant's food because he thought he wasn't coming for it."

"His punishment was to go without food for three days. He used to sneak down to the Australians' camp and we'd give him a bit of rice. He would sit there eating humbly and saying, 'So sorry, so sorry.'"

"Once or twice we asked English-speaking Japs if they remembered Australia sending them food in the Tokyo earthquake. One had the grace to say yes, and apologise. Not that apologies did us much good."

"More bad than good is the way I'd sum them up."

"When we were leaving for the voyage that was meant to take us to Japan we had another speech made to us. It was a beauty."

"It had stuff in it like this: 'You

CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S HOME

A PRIVATE back from Malaya said he still can't get used to the feeling of being free again.

"For three years there was one thing we hated more than anything else—waking up in the morning," he said.

"As our homes and our families were always in our thoughts, I guess it was only natural that at night we'd have the most vivid and real dreams of being home."

"You can't imagine the dead disappointment of waking to reality in the morning. Some of us cursed, most of us cried."

"When I wake up at home now, it takes me at least five minutes before I can realise I'm home."

"Just to clinch things, I yell out to Mum in her room across the passage: 'Hey, Mum.'"

"Yes, son," she calls.

"Nothing." I grin happily and I jest tie there and remind myself to put a bit of varnish on that scratched lowboy and—it's a beaut day."

are going to the land of the eternal rising sun ... of the four seasons ... where the white driven snows purify all sins ... where the bird comes to rest peacefully in the lap of the hunter."

"You can imagine what our chaps thought of an effort like that. You didn't dare to laugh, not without covering your face quickly, anyway. They'd have beaten up anyone that laughed."

The men were in Saigon on D-Day. "That news gave us a lift. We managed to give the V sign to a few French and Indo-Chinese people."

"Oh, yes, it was a risk. You'd get a hiding if you were caught."

war effort of the office where his fiancée works.

Every week the girls make cakes and sandwiches, bring them to the office, and sell them among the staff, the proceeds going to buy comforts for staff members on active service.

"Our main topic while prisoners of war was food," he said. "At night we would describe meals we had had at different restaurants, and would entertain ourselves by pretending we had just been to one of these cafes, and would tell in detail what we had eaten."

The corporal took a cigarette from a box with an English hunting scene painted on the lid.

"When Singapore fell we formed up in our units and were moved into barracks in Singapore where the Gordon Highlanders had been," he said.

"From there the Japs drew working parties to clean up Singapore and do wharf work, but I was doing administrative work in the barracks, and in all the weeks we were there I never saw one Jap."

"When we were first put to work on the railway in Burma we had good shovels, picks, and wheelbarrows—they were made in America. But when these had run out we had Japanese tools, which were very inferior and made the work much harder."

"We stood up to the work pretty well at first, until some of us started going down with fevers and ulcers."

"Then they started working us longer hours—12, 16, and 24 hours a day—and that was when our casualties began to increase."

"We found it better to work. It wasn't safe to stay in camp, because there was always the fear that however ill you were, you might be turned out to even harder work."

"Although our doctors were in charge if we were sick, their word was not final as far as the camp commanders were concerned."

Continued on page 10

Vowed never to give up hope

WHEN you meet these men you wonder if the thought of their own incredible resilience ever occurs to them.

There was the corporal, who, before the war, ran his own electrical business. His most adventurous days had been with the several surf clubs he belonged to. In the A.I.F. he was in a postal unit.

He sat in a green brocade chair in the cosy drawing-room of his pleasant family home. Upstairs his sister's baby had wakened for its morning feed. His mother was round about tidying up the house.

He listened with cleanliness. His new tan shoes were spread comfortably on the curly calfskin hearthrug.

Above his neatly rolled new khaki socks his legs still bore the deep scars of tropical ulcers.

"Did he tell you that when he jumped over the side," said his mother, "he vowed no matter how desperate his thirst he wouldn't drink salt water, and he wouldn't give up hope till death stopped him?—and he didn't."

When the corporal went overseas he weighed eleven stone. When the prison ship was torpedoed he

was lying on deck with fever. He weighed then seven stone.

A huge waterspout from the second torpedo that hit the ship lifted him off the deck and flung him against a bulwark, bruising his elbow. By the time he was picked up it had become an abscess.

In the four days in the sea he fought to save mates delirious with fever and starvation and others insane through drinking salt water—one of them, one of his own mates, whom he struggled to save through two days and a night until, exhausted himself, he had to let him go.

On a delicate little occasional table the corporal placed all he had brought home after nearly four years away—a year of waiting, thirty days of battle, and two and a half years of brutal imprisonment.

They were several battered, water-stained pieces of paper. On them were remnants of photographs. Several had been snapshots of his pretty fiancée.

Two of them had been produced almost nightly in the prison camp.

One showed a table full of rich iced cakes, sandwich sponges decorated on top, and other dainties. The other showed the same table, bare except for plates and d'oyleys.

These two pictures concerned the

Editorial

NOVEMBER 25, 1944.

THE TOLL OF DROUGHT

THE drought recently came right to the doors of Sydney people.

And not only to their doors, but inside their houses, so that the dust from inland paddocks made a thick film over floors and furniture.

Never before have the coastal areas of New South Wales been so thickly shrouded by dust.

This brownish pall—representing the means of livelihood of outback farmers and graziers—spread out across the Tasman, and reached New Zealand and Fiji.

It needed little imagination to visualise what country people in the drought areas have been suffering.

But the physical discomfort of sandstorms that turn day into night is far surpassed by the long-range prospect of failing food supplies.

Plans for feeding Britain and for supporting the huge armies and navies that are fighting the Japanese depend heavily on Australian foodstuffs.

Australians must feel ashamed, as well as alarmed, to see the interior of their country turning into a dust-bowl.

Successive Governments, with their eyes fixed on the problems of the moment, have not given enough thought to long-range planning.

But where droughts are concerned, it is no use hoping for the best.

They come along unpredictably, but without fail.

Already the drift of land-dwellers to the city has become a disturbing feature of Australian life.

Unless something is done to make the countryman's life more bearable, that drift will be exaggerated into a stampede.

Prisoners . . . they could still laugh

More stories from survivors of Japanese hell-ship

Continued from page 9

WHEN we left the camp we knew we were going to Japan. I don't think we had any particular feeling about it, except that I, personally, after four years in the tropics, felt relieved that there would be a change of climate.

"The action against the convoy started at 2 a.m., in bright moonlight.

"When the Japs panicked and left the ships our officers took charge.

"The ship did not sink for 12 hours, and everyone, including men in the lower half of the hold, were deluged when the waterspout flooded the hold, got off.

"Three other chaps and myself threw over a piece of hatch-cover—a piece of wood ten feet long and eighteen inches wide, and followed it over the side. By then it was just on daylight.

"On the first night we decided to group ourselves, tying rafts and debris together.

"But the continuous bumping caused a lot of abrasions, so in the morning we split up into smaller groups.

"On the first night we were bitterly cold, but by the second night we were covered in oil. It was a nuisance, and a blessing.

"It made the rafts so slippery it was hard to stay on, but, on the other hand, the coating on our bodies kept us warm.

"By the second day many of the chaps were blinded, some by the oil, others by the glare of the sun.

"On the second day I moved on to a raft where there were two Englishmen and another Australian.

"By the third day there was quite a number of oil-drums, rubber, and stuff floating about among the rafts. We had all been paddling the rafts to try and get a current to take us in the right direction, but by dusk we realised the currents went in cycles, and we were back where we had started.

"A few of us were becalmed, and on either side of us were two larger groups which had more or less been going round in circles.

"At night we were all there, but

by dawn of the fourth day the two groups on either side had totally disappeared.

"There was nothing in sight, not even the oil-drums and debris, except the few of us who had been becalmed.

"We talked about a lot of things; it's hard to remember just what now. But we talked about our homes and people a good deal.

"Some of the chaps who were lost gave us their home addresses while they were still able to, and we

memorised them so that we could get in touch with their people.

"At sunset on the fourth day we heard a noise which at first we thought was a plane. Then we saw what looked like a ship. It came a bit closer.

"We picked up a bit of energy, and one chap stood up and waved his shirt. Others shouted, and we paddled furiously in the direction of the ship.

"As it came on we realised it was a submarine. Neither the crew nor we knew what nationality we all were until we got aboard.

"As they got us aboard we told them we were Australians, and they told us they were Yanks. We managed to raise a cheer at that. But we were so exhausted and relieved that our limbs became useless.

"The crew turned out of their bunks for us. Though I was covered in oil, I was put to bed between clean, white sheets. Sheets! I hadn't seen any for two and a half years.

"Altogether I had six lots of clean sheets in twenty-four hours, then they took the oil off me with petrol and water.

"Some of the chaps had to have their hair shaved right off. This worried them a bit, because they knew by then they'd be home soon, and they'd have liked to arrive with their hair on.

"We can't say enough in appreciation of all the Americans did for us. They cleaned us and dressed our wounds.

"They gave us water, fruit juice, broth, and later full meals. All day, as we improved, they kept on sending food down to us in case we were hungry.

"When we arrived in Brisbane a band played the National Anthem, 'Tipperary', 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' and other songs. We appreciated that.

"While we were in camp in Bris-

IN BRITAIN, TOO

BRITAIN shares with Australia the horror and anxiety about conditions in Japanese prison camps revealed by prisoners who survived the sinking of a Japanese prison ship on September 12.

Many British homes, too, have suffered bereavement. In a few there will be happy reunions.

The Acting Prime Minister, Mr. Forde, announced that of 700 Australians aboard the prison ship 92 were saved, and of the 600 British prisoners 60 survived.

From the stories of the survivors all information has been carefully collated. A preliminary estimate indicates that the death-roll of Australian prisoners in Burma and Thailand prison camps is 2000 out of 10,000.

Mr. Forde later announced the sinking of another prison ship last June, in which 181 Australians were lost and 72 survivors taken to a camp in Japan.

THEIR BEST WEAPON . . . sense of humor

A 22-year-old Sydney private who was captured at Singapore, said the Japs did everything possible to humiliate and break the spirit of the Australians.

"We retaliated at first, and after beatings and barbaric punishments failed to break us, they hit on the most contemptible but only way of defeating us," he said.

"At the first sign of 'trouble' they took it out on our sick by cutting their rice ration, and confiscating what little medical supplies were available.

"Our best weapon was our sense of humor. We ribbed them, cursed them when they thought we were flatterers, and in working camps, adroitly pitted one Jap against another to see one or the other lose face.

"There is the bitterest rivalry between the Japanese Navy and the Army, and when the two were at close quarters it was the easiest thing in the world to get them at each other's throats."

Ribbing of the Japs was the prisoners' best pastime, this private said.

"You bomb Sydney?" we'd ask. "Tuzan (plenty)," he'd grin. "You bomb Melbourne, too?" "Hi (yes)," he'd shout gleefully.

"You bomb Phariap?" "Hi, tuzan, tuzan," he'd shout gleefully.

"Now and again a Jap would wake up to the fact that his leg was being pulled, and then you had to scoot out of his range. The sight of a grinning Aussie flying across a camp with an infuriated little Jap hot on his trail was a common sight."

This boy dismisses lightly his harrowing four days in the water before being rescued.

"My mate and I kept our senses by arguing and threatening to bash each other," he said.

"Whenever I'd slip off the raft and drift away he would swim out and drag me back cursing. 'Where the hell do you think you're going? Can't you — well stay put?'"

"A few hours later I'd find myself swimming out to collect him and bring him back with suitable curses.

"Even on the fourth day we were still at it, threatening to knock each other cold.

"We two were lucky, though. One of our mates, a 40-year-old chap, was in the water six days, and only his great spirit got him through it. He was unconscious when an American sailor dived into the sea to rescue him.

"The crew of the submarine, who worked day and night in caring for the survivors, were 'ministering angels'.

"They'll probably murder me for that description, but it's the only one which does them justice," said the private.

"I was among the sick ones, and a little cook ran himself to a shadow working days and nights without sleep to attend to us.

"If there are such things as 'good' Germans, they must all have been collected together on a certain Nazi submarine that came to Singapore for repairs when we were there," continued the private.

A naval officer from the submarine savagely attacked and nearly killed a Japanese guard for beating an Australian prisoner-of-war on a wharf at Singapore.

"Because the Jap guard wasn't satisfied with the pace at which the Aussie was working, he began clubbing him about the face and head with his rifle-butt," said the private.

"The Aussie fell almost senseless to the wharf. Next thing we knew, a German officer, rushed up, smashed his fist in the Jap's face, and sent him reeling.

"Only the intervention of other Japanese guards saved the life of the brute.

"The Germans never encouraged nor shared the obvious jubilation of the Jap overlords at our 'slave' status.

"We often saw in their faces open admiration of how we bore ourselves in spite of our humiliation."

How letters got through

OF three men interviewed in New South Wales, one had received twelve letters from home during the time he was a prisoner. Another had received ten letters. Only one letter had reached the third, although his mother had written to him every week.

bane we all subscribed to the War Loan."

When the evacuation order, on the eve of the fall of Singapore came through, the C.O. of the corporal's postal unit and his staff became separated. The C.O. escaped to Australia.

A few days after the corporal arrived home he went to the local post office to buy stamps. The postmaster was his old C.O.

After a short holiday, the corporal is going to study mathematics and English.

"I feel I need a refresher course," he said. "When you've been away from everything for so long your mind gets a bit dull."

Interesting People

A/COMDR. G. POWELL, R.A.F. . . . new air service

PILOT of famous Liberator bomber, Commando, on recent historic inaugural flight to Australia in new R.A.F. Transport Command

London-Canada-Australia service, Air-Commodore Griffith Powell, R.A.F., is senior air staff officer, R.A.F. Air Transport Command, Will direct service from Montreal. Planes of new service will be flown by crack pilots of North Atlantic ferry run. Will operate twice weekly London-Sydney.

MISS E. WOODWARD . . . important missionary post

APPOINTED to newly created post of associate secretary, National Missionary Council.

Sydney, Miss Eileen Woodward, Ballarat, was chosen from applicants from all over Australia. Council is part of International Missionary Council, with headquarters in London, Washington. For past 15 years, Miss Woodward has been secretarial assistant, Foreign Mission Office, Presbyterian Church of Victoria.

LIEUT. D. J. HAMER . . . brilliant prize-winner

FIRST graduate of Royal Australian Naval College to qualify for British Admiralty

Beaufort and Wharton Prize is Lieut. D. J. Hamer, of Melbourne. Commemorating Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort and Sir William Wharton, hydrographers, Royal Navy, 1829-55 and 1884-1904, prize is awarded annually to the midshipman passing best examination in navigation and pilotage for rank of lieutenant. Lieut. Hamer recently appointed to H.M.A.S. Australia.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

H.M.A.S. Australia's "kids" win veteran rank



PETTY-OFFICER HUGH JONES, one of the returned men from H.M.A.S. Australia, with his wife and two-year-old Barry.

Take pride in bandages and burns as proof of new status

By VICKI ANDERSON

"Hell, I'm O.K. Look after the kids!" cried 40-year-old Able-Seaman Frederick Perrin, of H.M.A.S. Australia, as with his clothing aflame he brushed one rescue party aside and tried to assist an 18-year-old range-finder to safety.

This happened in the inferno of explosion, blast, and flame which followed an enemy air attack on H.M.A.S. Australia during the Philippines invasion last month.

BUT the kids—17 to 21-year-old gunners, range-finders, and telephone operators, some of whom had joined the Australia only four months before—were proving just as obstinately allergic to first-aid stations as "old man" Perrin.

Injured and burned, they stuck to their posts or helped damage-control parties in the 20-minute fight to quench the fire.

Able-Seaman Perrin's name, together with those of some of his kids, is listed among the 30 fatal casualties of the action.

I met some of the other kids among the 34 of the Australia's 61 wounded who arrived in Australia last week from a forward hospital.

We Press visitors to the hospital ward were all deeply affected by the sight of these young sailors with bandages covering more severe burns and other burns in various stages of healing.

But the boys, we soon discovered, greeted us with a mixture of amusement and curiosity, and I think I detected a slight air of condescension.

To them their bandages and burns were not objects of compassion, but badges of honor and definite proof of their newly found "veteran" status.

One 18-year-old summed up the attitude of all when he said:

"I've always had a horror of some misguided but well-meaning older chap saying to me, 'Get behind me, sonny,' when the going gets tough. I'd like to see him pull that stunt on me now."

One and all, the kids were so terribly conscious of their "veteran" status that they even adopted a professionally biased attitude in lightly dismissing their experiences during the action.

"I—I guess I overdid the sun-baking at Bondi last week," grinned Able-Seaman Lindsay Drew, 19, of Melbourne, explaining away face burns and a head bandage covering severely burned ears.

Lindsay was on an eight-inch director when the explosion took



JIMMY BYRNE, of Melbourne, had his hand badly burned. By the time he reached Australia his beard, which had been burned into tufts, had improved.

place on the upper deck. Two of his mates standing on either side of him were killed instantly by blast.

"Hey, will you get a load of Drew in a private conference," jeered one of the boys two beds down.

"Yeah, all agog and with his ears pinned back, as usual," added a cobbler in the next bed.

"Listen, you mugs, just wait till my head-receivers are their own delicate pastel-pink again, and I'm on my way home to Melbourne for leave," jeered Lindsay.

"Now, careful, Lindsay; women are present," broke in 21-year-old Able-Seaman Fred Hall, immediately dissolving the ward in laughter.

Went to "races"

ACCORDING to Fred, at the forward base where the boys won their first round in the fight for recovery "some of us were pretty nutty in our various semi-conscious states, others just a bit nuttier."

"Lindsay was a mild case. He just went to the races every afternoon. Sometimes he won, sometimes he didn't."

"Garn, I had the good old every time," interjected the indignant punter.

"Well, he was O.K. when he was winning," said Fred, "but he used to get terribly concerned about the rest of us who were losing at his race meetings. After we'd evidently suffered a terrible financial loss he'd yell out to the ward in general."

"Guess I did have races, especially the Melbourne Cup, on my mind," grinned Lindsay amid the laughter.

"All of us did, old Perry (Able-Seaman Perrin) in particular.

"Seems incredible that one day



WOUNDED in the action which damaged H.M.A.S. Australia in the invasion of the Philippines, Ordinary-Seaman N. R. Ferguson, of Sydney, carried ashore to an ambulance.



LEADING-WRITER K. E. FULLER was greeted by his wife and his one-year-old son Robert.

Perry was madly organising a Cup sweep on board, and the next day in sick-bay, but still joking: "Well, boys, I'm certainly done to a turn, which is more than I can say for the rest of you half-baked chickens."

"Perry, who was range-finder on an eight-inch director when he collected it, was tremendously popular on the ship. I think the death of his pal 'Dusty' (Able-Seaman Miller) took all the stuffing out of him."

From the boys I learned that the proceeds from the Cup sweep and a ship's collection (more than £800) will be given to dependents of personnel killed in the action.

Among those dependents are

Perrin's wife and nine children.

A big grudge the kids bear the Japs over the action is the damage to their beards.

Among the more sorrowful of the beardless is Able-Seaman John Cobiac, 20, who was on the ack-ack crew which brought down a Japanese plane a few minutes before the Australia was hit, and Able-Seaman Jimmy Byrne, 20.

"You've never seen anyone perform like Jimmy," one of the boys said, "when his beautiful beard, which he'd cultivated for months, was transformed in a second into isolated and rather timid little tufts."

Jimmy's beard is now partly restored.

"Singeing of Jimmy's beautiful head of hair, though, was the last straw," roared another lad.

"He used to drive some of the older chaps, whose thatch was getting a bit sparse on top, crazy by standing in front of them, running a comb through his hair, sleeking it out with his fingers, and inquiring, 'How's she going, boys? Not bad, eh?'"

"We thought the hair damage on top of the beard would defeat Jimmy, but not him."

"He refused to part with the remains of his beard, and tried desperately to camouflage the singed hair with layers of brilliantine."

Ministering angels

HIGHLIGHT of the past week for the kids was the trip down in an Allied ship.

"Super-colossal, first-class, is the only way I can describe our passage," said Able-Seaman Fred Hall, 21, of Adelaide, whose injuries bear evidence of his miraculous escape from a four-inch director.

"They treated us like kings on board. We even had chicken for Sunday dinner."

These are the kids of the H.M.A.S. Australia and the stuff of which they are made, from the "baby," 17-year-old Ordinary-Seaman Johnny Sutton, of Perth, who, according to his mates, "really took it," to 19-year-old Able-Seaman John Hamilton, captain's messenger, of South Hobart, who shared in the punishment of the same action which killed his captain, Australia's commander, Captain Dechauneux.

Australian youngsters all, who, with older and experienced shipmates, held high the inspiring example of one of the officers, Lieutenant-Commander Gerret, who, although fatally wounded, continued at his post with the words, "We'll show them this is still a fighting ship."

Women's part in future

WHY don't returned soldiers' wives band together to do something practical toward building the brave new world about which we all dream?

I think all of us, whether we vote Labor or Liberal, or just whatever our husbands vote, want these things—decent homes, healthy and happy families, the chance to work, save, and make good, and a reasonable assurance that there won't be another war in 25 years.

In any plan for peace in our time women must play a prominent part. They could become a force to be reckoned with in politics.

In any fight for improved maternity conditions and children's welfare they would certainly prove more deadly than the male.

There are clubs already for the women relatives of servicemen, but so far their activities are uncoordinated. Perhaps the Returned Soldiers' League will consider sponsoring such an auxiliary organization.

5/- to Mrs. Peggy Wright, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

Living memorials

THERE is already talk of building monuments as memorials after the war.

In one particular case a memorial to be given by the capital cities of Australia as a token of admiration to the people of London was suggested.

Surely we have reached an age which can look beyond a monument.

While there is one child cold, hungry, or suffering from disease, monuments are and always will be an offensive abuse of public money.

Let us give the money assuredly, but let it be spent so that a little of the post-war misery may be alleviated.

5/- to Mrs. Harry Lott, Fair View, Egg Lagoon, King Island, Tas.

What's on your mind?

Careless borrowers

WHY are so many people, normally careful over their own belongings, so careless with those that they borrow?

In these days of difficult replacements, many people hesitate to lend because of bitter experience in the past. The least a borrower can do is to return an article clean and in good order, and as promptly as possible.

Nothing is so maddening to a busy woman as to find that the particular piece of equipment she is needing has to be retrieved from a thoughtless neighbor.

One is glad to lend a helping hand to the person who borrows only



under dire compulsion; but the woman who makes a habit of replenishing her ill-stocked cupboard from her neighbor's shelves is nothing but a pest, particularly when the goods in request are rationed.

5/- to Mrs. Clare Robin, c/o Mrs. P. N. Koersix, 394 Blaxland Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.

Salads for Christmas

ONCE again Christmas draws near, and with it the inevitable Christmas dinner.

Isn't it about time we woke up to ourselves and planned a dinner suited to our climate. The traditional English fare was never intended for an Australian Christmas.

I suggest salad, jellies, fresh fruit.

5/- to Miss E. Smith, 45 Royal St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Romance in marriage

I FOUND Elizabeth Willmot's article on marriage (28/10/44) highly amusing and very true—to a certain degree—but I would not advise young brides to be misled by it.

Any husband or wife appreciates a tender look, a word of sympathy, and a little romance, even if they have been married for twenty years.

And it is the wise little woman who, after a hard day at the wash-tub, snatches fifteen precious minutes to take a shower, slip into a clean frock, and apply the much despised powder and perfume.

Wife, too, would get tired of the man who leaves a trail of clothes about, never kisses her good-bye, and never remembers her birthday.

Every person is possessed of good and bad qualities, and marriage can be made or marred by the development of these qualities.

But, after many years of married life, we have found that to share and share alike is the only basis on which to plan a happy marriage—not forgetting that a little romance prevents it developing into a humdrum existence.

5/- to Miss Joan Hogg, Public School, Nundle, via Tamworth, N.S.W.

Make room for workers

IF the demand for workers to can this season's crop of stone fruit is as great as it was last year, some provision should be made for their accommodation in the city.

With temporary board so hard to obtain, many country people who otherwise would be willing to devote part of their holidays to this national service are discouraged from doing so.

5/- to Mrs. W. Scott, Eagle Terrace, Auchinfloer, Brisbane.

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Children rule roost

AS an experienced home help, it is little wonder to me that parents of spoiled children who are lucky enough to secure a domestic help in these days have great difficulty in keeping them.

In these homes it is the children who literally "rule the roost." The children not only dictate what they want to do, but what everyone else in the household, including the domestic help, has to do also.

While the help is often expected to take the responsibility of the



children, she is rarely given any real authority. And don't the children know it!

I have been subjected to the most flagrant insolence and disobedience when the mother has been away, and have found it little use to report the behaviour to the doing parents.

It is little wonder women and girls prefer a munitions factory, canning factory, or any other factory to a job in homes where there are spoiled children.

5/- to Mrs. David Biddlecomb, Kangaroo, N.S.W.

The Griswold Story

Continued from page 3

would said. "What could they find to laugh about so loud? This time of night."

"I'm going to sneak down and look."

"Grace, for heaven's sake!"

"I am, too. I'm going out in my own patio and look through my own kitchen window at my own daughter."

Professor Griswold was finishing the last of Mrs. Griswold's chocolate pudding when she returned.

"Boy!" Mrs. Griswold said, hopping into bed. "What a beautiful hunk of man!"

"Good Lord, Grace!"

"Born twenty years too soon," Mrs. Griswold said, "and, oh, the pity of it."

"Stop talking like a fool. What are they doing? They're not making a sound now."

"She's getting kissed," Mrs. Griswold said, "if she's got a grain of sense."

"Your own daughter. Talking like that. Somebody she doesn't know a thing about; never saw in her life before. I don't like this, and it's five minutes to four."

"How time flies," Mrs. Griswold said.

It was twenty minutes past four when Barbara came upstairs. Preceding this, some time had been spent round the front door. The Griswolds could hear the low murmur of voices, then, even more loudly, little interludes of silence, then low voices again. Professor Griswold thought the door would never close.

Barbara came straight into the Griswolds' bedroom. Her eyes were shining. She looked hot only out of this world, but into a new one, just created and her own.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "I'm so glad you're awake."

"We haven't had much chance to be anything else," Professor Griswold said.

"Shut up, George," Mrs. Griswold said.

"Oh, mamma," Barbara said, "I wish you could know. I wish you could have seen that great, big, blond, beautiful, silly thing. Oh, mamma."

"I saw him," Mrs. Griswold said, without shame. "I sneaked down and looked through the kitchen window."

"Oh, did you, mamma? Did you really see him? He's the craziest thing you ever heard of. When that Mexican—"

"Start from the first, second you met him," Mrs. Griswold said, "and tell me every word."

"In the morning," Professor Griswold pleaded, "for heaven's sake, in the morning."

"Shut up, George. We'll go in your room, Barbara."

"Oh, well," Professor Griswold said, "I'm wide awake now, I guess."

Please turn to page 15

Let's be frank,
young woman...



the War
isn't over yet!

● Basking on beaches, it is easy to become complacent and think the war is "almost over". It isn't! That is why it is imperative now to build up the A.W.A.S. and the A.A.M.W.S. to maximum strength—and that is why, very soon now, you will see hundreds of new, attractive faces beneath the smart A.W.A.S. hat. Let yours be one of them. You'll enjoy the life, you'll like the conditions, you'll be building a career for the future.



Good pay and deferred pay
... regular leave ... clothing
issue and coupons ...
sound, valuable technical
training.

Remember—our fighting forces
will be one man short until you

Join the
A.W.A.S.
or **A.A.M.W.S.**

Apply personally to the nearest
Army Women's Recruiting Depot
or your local Area Office.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun moves from the sign Scorpio into that of Sagittarius late on November 22, thus signalling important changes for many people.

Arians, Sagittarians, and Leonians, and a goodly number of Aquarians and Librans can benefit considerably during the next few weeks, so ambitious plans should be tackled with confidence.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 25 (to noon) poor; excellent thereafter. Ullike fully. November 26 (dawn and forenoon and early afternoon) poor, but good from noon to 2 p.m. November 27 (to noon) good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Avoid rashness and changes just yet. Losses and upsets possible then. November 26 (forenoon to 1 p.m. and mid-evening) fair. Improvements soon.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Avoid changes and take no risks. You must be patient now. Live quietly. November 23, 24, and early 25.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live more quietly now, only consolidating past good work. November 24 (sunrise to 10 a.m.) helpful. November 25 (morning), November 26 and 27 all tricky.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): A mixed week. November 23 (dawn to 2 p.m.) and November 26 (from noon to 3 p.m.) very good. November 27 (dawn to noon) very good. November 28 poor.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 23): Finalise semi-important matters on November 24. Then live quietly for some weeks. Avoid changes and discord. November 23 and 25 (early) can be adverse.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): November 23 (evening) and November 24 (forenoon and dusk) very fair for minor affairs. November 25 to 27 tricky.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Live quietly to dusk on November 23. November 24 (forenoon) pleasing, but poor poor. November 25 (morning) poor, but evening good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Plan ahead. Opportunities possible now. Make changes. November 23 to early 25 poor. November 26 (after sunset) excellent. November 27 (noon to 2 p.m.) good, balance poor. November 27 (morning) good.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): November 23 (morning) pleasing, evening fair. November 24 (forenoon) very fair. November 25 (midday and evening) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): November 23 (morning) poor, then fair. Take no risks. November 24 poor. But November 24 (forenoon), November 25 (after sunset), and November 26 (noon to 2 p.m.) and November 27 (to noon), all helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A queer week, so be cautious. November 23 (forenoon) helpful. Thereafter live quietly for some weeks. November 23 (afternoon), November 24 and 25 (morning) tricky.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"But why should I pay you twice as much as the others?"
"Because I don't know anything about the work. That makes it twice as hard."



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has lost **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who is champion wrestler of the world. Mandrake and Princess Narda felt that Lothar was too famous to be a servant. Mandrake has been called to Washington, where he will hear details of an important and exciting new job.

Mandrake is due to leave for Washington on the night of Lothar's fight with the Grizzly, a fabulously strong wrestler. At first Lothar's heart was not in the fight, but he suddenly rallied and won. Yet even while the crowd was cheering, Lothar was sad that Mandrake was not there to see his triumph. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

*Your thoughts of her
so charmingly expressed*

Pay fitting homage to feminine charm with Paul Duval personalised cosmetics.

Every single item is a tribute to beauty.

First there's Paul Duval Powder Base—Almond for oily skins, Rose for dry skins.

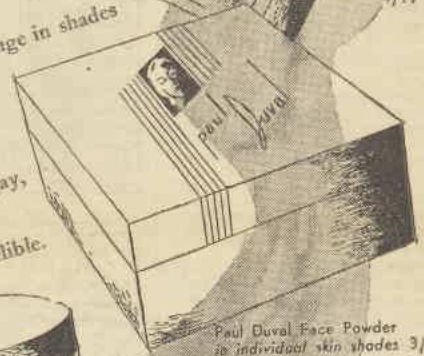
Teamed with the famous Paul Duval silk-sifted Face Powder, it gives complexions enchanting peach-bloom fine-ness.

Then there's Paul Duval Rouge in shades as delicate as a blush

... and Paul Duval Lipstick—gay, provocative, velvety and indelible.



Baronova Eau-de-Cologne, so cool—to fresh 4/11



Paul Duval Face Powder in individual skin shades 3/7



Emollient Cream—to keep her skin YOUNG 3/7.



Baronova Lipstick 3/11
Smaller size 2/10

Paul Duval Rouge 2/7



Baronova Dusting Powder, fragrant as Spring 3/11



Paul Duval Hand Lotion softens and whitens 2/6



Rose or Almond Milk Powder Base 3/7 & 5/11

But, why waste words? Exclusive chemists and stores will be happy to show you the complete Paul Duval collection... including even

Paul Duval Nourishing (or Emollient) Cream and Paul Duval Cologne.

Be clever! Win her favour with Paul Duval Personalised Cosmetics... a heart-stirring compliment every woman will love to receive.

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Melbourne and Sydney

PERSONALISED COSMETICS

Paul Duval Personalised Cosmetics are obtainable at exclusive chemists and stores throughout Australia

Australian woman's years in Occupied Paris



FRENCH POSTMAN CALLS. The Comtesse de Janze says not even the pangs of real hunger caused thefts from food parcels in France.

Dignified defiance and proud indifference infuriated Nazis

Cabled from Paris by ANNE MATHESON

"I feel a hundred years old from the strain of living under German domination," said the Comtesse de Janze (formerly Betty Moule, niece of Judge Moule, of Melbourne) when I visited her in Paris in the icy-cold, elegant house where she and her husband and three children have lived for the four years of the occupation.

Then the Comtesse paused to grope for words, as for these four years she hasn't dared utter one syllable of English, and she found it hard even now after weeks of liberation to realise she is free to speak her mind in her native tongue.

THE Comtesse then went on to tell me an amazing story of how she and the women of her husband's family outwitted the Germans when they occupied France.

Through the years of occupation they lived under the heel of the conquerors, yet formed their own resistance movement.

They were themselves conquerors in spirit.

"We never spoke to them, refused to go out, always wore our very best, and wouldn't give an inkling of how heavy our hearts were.

"Our proud indifference infuriated them beyond words," she said.

When the Comtesse, her children, and her husband's relatives evacuated Paris, they lived in a chateau at La Chapelle. There were 30 women in the house—young and old—and no men, for all were in the Army.

Two days before the collapse of France, the Comtesse, looking out of her window, saw German soldiers.

Buried jewels

KNOWING the household was defenceless, she summoned the older women, and they made plans which were carried out in the dead of night.

They buried all the shooting guns and other firearms, money, jewellery, food, or anything that would provide an excuse to the German Army to molest them.

"There wasn't much else 30 women and children could do in the face of armed soldiers," she said. "And we worked all night long and had just finished the job when some armoured lorries drove up, spilling out 20 German soldiers.

"They stopped right on the spot where I had buried my jewellery. We had agreed that the eldest woman would be spokesman when the enemy came, and that the rest of us would pretend we did not understand a word of what they were saying.

"Twenty soldiers billeted themselves in our house, and for two months they used our rooms and fed in our dining-room, but we never uttered a single word to them.

"Each day our delegate would do her job of acting as a liaison between us, but that was all the contact we had, though we had to brush past each other in the corridors, and

could hear their guttural voices in our ears all the time.

"It was hard to make the younger girls keep to the plan, for they were high-spirited enough to want to flaunt their pride in France in the face of the enemy.

"We had to curb them from wearing the tricolor, but they contrived with bows and dress ornaments always to have red, white, and blue either in their hair or in earrings or some little motif.

"When the de Janze family returned to their home in Paris they formed a small passive resistance circle with 15 other families. We kept to ourselves, and never went anywhere.

"The only entertainment we had was in each other's homes.

"Sometimes when food was scarce there would be only a glass of water and a game of bridge, but nothing would induce us to go out and sit in cafes, operas, picture shows, or anywhere Germans might be enjoying themselves."

The Comtesse told me of the fine spirit of the people of France that went a long way to keeping the country fed.

"If it hadn't been for the give-and-take way we helped each other, things would have been much worse," she said.

"My baby was only ten months old when France fell, but never

lacked milk all the time. Yet during these years not one adult tasted milk once. People would get it for me somehow."

The Comtesse said her baby daughter had never tasted anything with sugar in it. Consequently, when Paris was liberated and she was given a sweet she spat it out and demanded a piece of black bread.

During the occupation the Comtesse worked for the Red Cross. She is still doing a full day's work with them.

"The children of Paris were undernourished," she said, "and we tried to get them out to the country for holidays to help clear up scabies, eczema, and other skin diseases consequent on malnutrition."

Like everyone else, the Comtesse learned to ride a bicycle. Though I shivered as we talked in a modern apartment that lacked any kind of heating, she said: "We are used to the cold now, and dress up to stay home."

She wore a thick, rose-house-gown with a cravat and looked very smart and cosy, but her fingers, like those of most Parisiennes, were frozen.

"It's going to be a terrible winter for us, and the papers are all saying many of our old people will die

in January, when the real cold sets in."

She told me they had had no soap, and with some pride gave me her recipe for making a substitute, which she had been doing for four years.

The national coffee, she said, was dreadful. Food, of course, was scarce and expensive, but somehow by going to the country and knowing peasants, people made out.

In spite of the bombing, no one was frightened of the R.A.F., the Comtesse told me.

Her maid's house got a direct hit, but there was no bitterness, for it was near a military objective, and she took the consequences on the chin "for France."

The Comtesse paid a great tribute to the postmen of France.

"They never once stole from parcels of food coming in from the country, yet they must often have been hungry," she said.

"Only the French could have made such short rations go so far," she added.

"The ethic of French women is no evidence of an easy time.

"It's an exceedingly Parisian gesture of defiance, and behind the



PARIS PHOTOGRAPH of Comtesse de Janze, formerly Betty Moule, of Melbourne, with her two eldest daughters, Anne Marie and Solange. This picture was taken some years ago, and the Comtesse now has a third daughter.

European Romance

THE romance of Betty Moule, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moule, of Toorak Road, Toorak, Melbourne, and the Comte de Janze, son of an old French family, caused quite a stir in Australian social circles about 1925.

Betty first met her husband when they were both children. Betty and her parents, and sister Valerie (now Mrs. John Fairfax, of Sydney), lived in Switzerland for some years, and there they met the de Janze family, travelling for pleasure.

In 1924 Betty went on a world tour, and in Paris again met the Comte, and she returned to Australia engaged to him.

In 1926, she returned to Europe and married him, and has not visited Australia since.

cheerfulness and elegance with which we faced work, there were many tragic stories.

"Many times during the years my friends would come and whisper, 'Andre is taken by the Gestapo,' and we'd offer a prayer for him.

"Or, 'Marianne is in prison, and we don't know where,' or someone we knew would have gone to join the Maquis.

"It was part of our plan always to deceive the enemy by keeping up appearances and keeping to ourselves."

Of course, Betty de Janze was thirsting for news of Australia. By secretly listening in to the B.B.C. she had followed the Australians' campaigns, but there was much she had no knowledge of.

Though the four and a half years since I saw her in February, 1940, have been hard ones for all, I think the Comtesse, like all women who have lived in France, shows the strain more.

Her hair is slightly more grey, but it is the drawn tight look and the careful way she watches as she speaks that tell of years of hardship



VIEW of the incomparable city of Paris, liberated at last from German occupation. The Australian Comtesse de Janze tells how Parisian families formed their own resistance movement in their homes.

MOTHERS HELP RUN THIS HAPPY SCHOOL



MORNING PADDLE for three to four-year-olds in the wading-pool at Canberra Nursery School. Pupils are admitted on a quota system from each suburb.



PAINTING CLASS for four to five-year-olds. There is a long waiting list for school. Only charge is three shillings weekly for meals prepared by mothers working voluntarily.



ALL ABOARD for home. On their day on duty, mothers or voluntary helpers are in charge of the young passengers in special buses that take them to and from the school.



MOTHERS picking beans for day's lunch which they help to prepare. Vegetables are grown in schoolgrounds by fathers. Fathers also make wooden toys for play-rooms.



PRINCIPAL, Miss Margaret Hensby, helps to remove shoes for a session in the wading-pool. Shoes and clothing are placed in individual lockers.

CANBERRA Nursery School looks after 80 children from 9.30 a.m. till 3 p.m. and mothers work there daily on a fortnightly voluntary roster.

The mothers say that establishment of more schools like this one would help to increase the birthrate.

Since the school opened early this year, so many of these mothers are having additions to their families that the school has had to call on outside voluntary help to keep the roster going.

When the children arrive a mothercraft nurse examines their throats and isolates any suspected of colds or sore throats. Mothers can consult the nurse about any other ailments among their children.

The children are weighed and measured regularly.

Incidentally, the standard kindergarten furniture at the school is too small for Canberra's sturdy infants.

Three-year-old children are too big for three-year-old chairs, and have to sit in standard four-year-old chairs.

The Commonwealth National Library supplies books which are available free for the guidance of parents.

Besides preparing meals the mothers also make towels and feeders, and do the daily wash.

A community-room where parents can meet for discussions, lectures, and reading has been attractively furnished by the local Nursery Kindergarten Society, whose aim is the extension of pre-school activities and services.

The school is conducted under the direction of N.S.W. Education Department, with six teachers and a librarian.

—Photographs by Geoffrey Powell, staff photographer of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.



ORANGE JUICE, in pottery mugs made by Mrs. L. F. Giblin from local clay, is served by one of the mothers, Mrs. G. H. Rance.



THREE BRIGHT MORNING FACES survey the world. The eighty pupils are divided into two groups of thirty children four to five years old, and one group of twenty children three to four years old. Indoor and outdoor hours are staggered so that they play and learn in their own age groups.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND SLUMBERWEAR

"KANTSHRINK"

Guaranteed Unshrinkable Wool.

Warm—light—fleece-soft made from the world's finest wool by the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of knitted goods.

"VELNIT"

Interlock Cotton.

Morley's new fabric ... soft—luxurious—non-irritating—durable ... and manufactured from the finest English cotton yarn only.

Available from Leading Stores Everywhere.





FASHION NOTE. Mrs. Everard Baillieu and Colonel de Boys, controller of Vice-Regal household, at Flemington on Cup Day. Mrs. Baillieu, who before recent marriage in Sydney was Mrs. Betty Osborne, attended Cup with husband, who is A.D.C. to Acting Governor Sir Frederick Mann. Betty wears startling channel-blue Breton fisherman's snood with ice-blue dressmaker suit.

On and off DUTY.

FEEL quite out of things this week when I hear of gay round of social events taking place in Melbourne and Canberra.

Am told that Cup Night dance at Grosvenor, Toorak, arranged by Lady Knox and committee of 15 of Melbourne's best-known hostesses has almost pre-war air as guests arrive looking aloof in lovely evening gowns brought out from the back of the wardrobe specially for the occasion. Dance will benefit Lord Mayor's Hospital Appeal.

As for our Federal Capital, I came to the conclusion that Canberra's charming hostesses are getting in training for gay days ahead when Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrive to take up residence at lovely Yarralumla.

OUT-OF-DOORS cocktail party given by Charge d'Affaires, M. Roger Monmayou, to open first French Legation to be established in Australia was a novelty even for Canberra, where diplomatic parties are the order of the day.

Solemn moment when Tricolor was raised by M. Edgar Arnould, Legation caretaker. Then M. Monmayou led his guests to tables groaning with delectable savories, where champagne was served—out of 4th. tumblers owing to shortage of glassware! Lovely roses in reception-rooms sent from her own garden by Baroness Van Aerssen, wife of Netherlands Minister.



SALUTE TO RUSSIA COMPETITORS. Mrs. A. Gorsky (left), Barbara Pilkington, Mrs. Norma Allen, and Mrs. Susi Cohen discuss plans for their candidature, during lunch-hour walk in park, in penny vote competition in aid of Russian Medical Aid. First prize in competition is trip to Russia after war or trip round world.



GALA CUP DANCE. Mrs. Alec Creswick (left), Sir Robert Knox, Mrs. Dudley Brunton, and Lady Knox at dance at Grosvenor, Toorak, Melbourne, arranged by Lady Knox and committee in aid of Lord Mayor's Hospital Appeal, on Cup Night.



MEMBERS OF C.U.S.A. Air Force Younger Set—Lorna Woodgate (left), Joan McCabe and Mary Ferguson—pack books for airmen at lonely outposts.



CELEBRATING. Mrs. Robert Malloch, formerly Sheila Bennett (left), Mary Robertson, Pat Mereweather, Pam Owen, Anne Thomas, Pat Borthwick, and Bettina Love lunch at Prince's to celebrate Pat Borthwick's engagement to Gunner Geoff Stewart, A.I.F. All seven girls are doing physiotherapy course, and sit for finals in few weeks' time.

VYING with Melbourne Cup was the Victory Sports Carnival held at Anton Sports Ground, Canberra. Despite grounds being swept with red dust, Canberra residents turned out in full force, and purchased home-grown vegetables grown from local and outlying station properties. Carnival raised nearly £1000 for local branches of war funds.

Acting - Governor - General, Sir Winston Dugan, and Lady Dugan attended carnival instead of Melbourne Cup.

GREAT excitement when Constance Haylock announces engagement to Corporal Tony Olive, A.I.F., who returns to Sydney after being P.O.W. for three years. Constance, who is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Haylock, of Cremorne, wears Tony's grandmother's heirloom ring which is more than 100 years old. Ring is of diamonds and sapphires, and has been re-set in modern setting.

DON'T miss the Victory Revue in aid of the Red Cross Society at Town Hall this Saturday night.

KEEPING Sydney's entertainment prestige to the fore, Captain H. L. Howden and Mrs. Howden have cheery Sunday morning party at Balmoral Naval Depot to welcome Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. D. Moore. Visitors include sprinkling of brass hats as well as naval guests.

See Mrs. C. J. Pope, who tells me she's hoping for grand roll-up at R.A.N. ship's company children's party at Town Hall on December 11. "We're particularly anxious to welcome children who have lost their daddies by enemy action," says Mrs. Pope. Invitations can be obtained at Naval War Auxiliary, 389 George Street, by December 1.

MARQUEE on lawn makes ideal setting for reception following marriage of Betha Frew and Flying-Officer Frederick Waterer, R.A.A.F., at home of Fred's mother, Mrs. E. V. Waterer, at Lindfield. Couple choose St. David's Presbyterian Church, Lindfield, and honeymoon at Port Macquarie.

LOTS of entertainment planned for annual gymkhana in aid of Castle Hill branch of Central District Ambulance when Mrs. A. L. Barnes organises event this Saturday at St. Gabriel's School, Castle Hill.



ARRANGING EXHIBITION. Well-known artist Adrian Feint, Mrs. Ben Edue, and Trafford Whitelock inspect Irene Pearcey's paintings, which will be among exhibits at Exhibition of Art For Relief, at Cowells, George Street, from December 1 to December 8.

ROMANTIC engagement for pretty Beth Crennan, when fiancé, Flight-Lieutenant John Finn, R.A.A.F., flies down from Air Force station for one day's leave, and couple announce engagement. Beth, who is third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Crennan, of Randwick, is wearing four-stone diamond ring set with diamond shoulders.

DIAMOND ring with diamond chip shoulders set in platinum being worn by Lorna Herald, who announces engagement to Sapper Roy Evans, A.I.F., of Gunnedah. Lorna is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Herald, of Kingsford.

Joyce



HEIRLOOM WEDDING GOWN worn by Peggy Bissett when she marries Major Edward Simpson, A.I.F., at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Gown was lent by bride's aunt, Mrs. J. L. Ruthven. It has been worn by eight brides.



FEMININE PUNTERS. Sydney visitors to Melbourne Cup—Mrs. Brien O'Brien and Mrs. Dudley Laughlin—see Cup run at Flemington. Used to Sydney's warm November days, Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Laughlin cover summer ensembles with smart lightweight coats.

CATARRH BRONCHITIS

SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS

swiftly relieved
by Lantigen 'B'

CATARRH

"Well, I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for Catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again. I have told many friends about the way LANTIGEN has treated me."

(Original letter on our files.)



"Lantigen" is different

Remember particularly that Lantigen is not an ordinary remedy—it is nothing like any other "relieving" medicine you've ever taken. Lantigen "B" is a well-tested, preventive, oral vaccine.

It is absorbed into the system to aid the natural defence forces in the blood to combat the bronchitis-catarrh germs and build up resistance to their possible effects. Therefore,

you can expect quite different and long-lasting results!

NO INJECTIONS NEEDED

Lantigen "B" oral vaccine works from within, to bring quick relief from catarrh and bronchitis and to keep you free for long periods thereafter! Don't hesitate! Lantigen "oral immunisation" is easy and convenient—just a few drops in water at bed-time. It is perfectly safe for even the youngest child. Go along to your chemist now. He knows of the wonderful results that Lantigen "B" is bringing, and will give all details.



Lantigen 'B'
ORAL VACCINE

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

£1/1/- per bottle for several weeks' treatment
costs only 5d. per day.

BRONCHITIS

"My daughter, 22 years of age, has been a sufferer of Chronic Bronchitis for years. Well, I have tried most everything, so last August I thought I would try Lantigen 'B'. She was in a very low condition when she started on the Lantigen 'B'; now she is beginning to put on a little weight, her ears have not discharged for some months, and she can get a good night's rest, where before she used to get terrible coughing fits."

(Original letter on our files.)



SINUS

"When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939 the photo showed them very dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of LANTIGEN, which has been a prolonged one, I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear, except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvellous, and can no doubt be put down to the good work LANTIGEN has done."

(Original letter on our files.)



REMARKABLE PERSONAL REPORTS PROVE BENEFITS FROM THIS MODERN ORAL VACCINE

After all they had tried, it was hard for these people, whose letters are quoted above, to believe that a simple, easy treatment could relieve them of all that misery and worry quickly and lastingly. Yet these are only a few of the cases where oral immunisation has brought long-standing relief from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum infections. Two bottles of Lantigen "B" are usually sufficient to relieve an average case of such complaints and to establish long-lasting immunity from further infection. Yes, that is the story of this wonderful method.

RESEARCH WORKERS ENDORSE FACTS

Leading research workers now endorse the fact that by taking a vaccine by mouth (instead of by injection) efficient "anti-bodies" can be successfully created in the system to counteract the effect of the germs which cause the trouble. One, Dr. Cronin Lowe, of Manchester, England, reports: "... cases of catarrhal infections ... clinical response has been most definitely marked."



LANTIGEN PREPARATIONS

LANTIGEN "A"—For the common Cold and Influenza.

LANTIGEN "B"—For Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum Infections, Bronchial Asthma, Recurrent Colds due to Catarrhal Infection, and allied respiratory tract disorders.

LANTIGEN "C"—For Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Spondylitis, Fibrositis, and other germ-borne rheumatic disorders.

LANTIGEN "D"—For Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Septic Sores, Abscesses, Ulcers, Dermatitis, Gum and Mouth Infections (due to Staphylococci).

LANTIGEN "E"—For Hay Fever.

LANTIGEN "F"—For Whooping Cough.

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

Continuing . . . Dr. Clay's Wife

from page 5

KATHERINE made an affectionate little face at him. "I'm going into the country," she said, "where this youngster and I can have air and sun and quiet. I could do with a bit of peace, Tom. After all, I've worked pretty steadily all my life. It won't be hard to take life easy for a while."

In her bag at that moment was a hat. It had on it a note of every penny she had in the world. Opposite it was another one, a detailed and careful outline of just how each one should be spent. If she gave up the expensive house and lived with extreme simplicity, she could just manage until she got back to work again. There would be hospital expenses—even with her professional discount they would take the most. Jane, of course, she could not pay.

She had, however, no intention of letting either Jane or Tom know the reason for her plans. She saw, with relief, that she had succeeded in convincing Tom.

"I can understand that," he said. In the end she took the little cottage on the edge of the lake where she and David had spent their brief honeymoon. Not because they had been there together—her mind repulsed the allegation even as it was formed—but because it was so very inexpensive.

"But it's so desolate!" Jane said. "It's a summer house."

"It has electricity and central heating," Kay replied matter-of-factly. "And I love the lake. Especially in the winter. There's nowhere I'd rather be. Please do understand, Jane, there's a good girl."

"I think I do," Jane said slowly, "probably better than you think, my chick."

It was the last morning she was at the hospital collecting her things and saying the final good-byes that she saw David.

She had no warning at all. She simply walked down the corridor toward the lift, and there he was, talking to one of the students. Eunice Williams was there, too. They were laughing.

Kay stopped suddenly, feeling the color leave her face. David here! And he had not come to see her first! She made herself go on, steadily, toward them. She wanted with all her heart to hurry down a cross corridor, but she would not. She knew the student had seen her.

"I had forgotten," she said lamely to herself, "how David looked." He saw her then. The laughter went out of his face, leaving in its stead the silence she remembered.

"Why—hello, Kay," he said, exclaiming himself.

"Hello, David."

They walked toward the laboratory, neither speaking. There seemed nothing to be said.

"I have just an hour between trains," he finally said contritely. "I wanted to look in and see to things here."

"You went to the house? Sorry I wasn't there."

"No." He turned directly to her. "I went to the bank to deposit some more money for you."

"Oh."

"You haven't used any of that I left for you before?"

"Well, no."

"I see."

The wall was there between them, too solid for her to know how to break it down, even had she wished. Nothing was changed. It was just as it had been that last evening when he had gone away.

"You didn't use any. You wouldn't even take a little money," he said. "Somehow that never occurred to me."

"I have a job, remember. I have enough."

She was in a torment of fear. Why had she given in to that absurd impulse to throw those words at Eunice? Did David know?

"You had a job," he said dryly. "Have you seen . . . ?"

"I haven't seen anyone. I've just come in from the laboratory. The students told me."

"Told you?" Katherine said faintly. "About your set-to with Matthews and Whitney?" David's jaw tightened. "I'll have a few things to say to those two myself. I don't blame you for wanting to get out." Then he said stiffly, "Thank you for clearing that up, Katherine. Though I wouldn't have allowed it had I been here, of course."

"Oh," she said lightly. "I couldn't have them putting me on trial without defending myself."

"I see."

She knew she had closed a door without knowing whether he had been about to thrust it wide open,

but she did not waver. They stood by the telephone box now.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Or do you know?"

"I've hardly thought."

"I'm sorry you were driven out of here."

"I'm not, really. I could stay. It's just that—" she hesitated, then said, "Oh, I've had enough, that's all."

"I suppose you have."

"There are plenty of things open. I can always go back to the university. They told me that when I came here. And with so many men leaving for the Services I shan't have any trouble in getting something I'll like."

"No. I'm sure you won't."

There was something he wanted to say. She could not meet his eyes. She kept her gaze fastened on the badge on his collar, on the pips on his shoulder, but she knew every line of his face. She saw that intent yet somehow remote gaze without lifting her eyes to do it.

"Why don't you go to Reno for a while?"

Animal Antics



"Here we are, folks, all set for the high hurdles!"

divorce and get it over?" he said suddenly. There, it was out.

Katherine could not answer him. She was filled with a conflicting whirl of emotion. He was asking now for his freedom—that which she so proudly and unhesitatingly had thrust at him that Saturday afternoon in the first writhing of her lacerated pride.

That meant he did not know. Eunice had not told him, and Tom had kept his word. She knew David well enough to be sure he never would have asked that question had he known she was to have his child.

But why had he asked it? Had he decided to end this phase of his life, perhaps even to go back to Eunice? Kay, as well as Jane, knew that she had not given David up, even yet.

Her mind was torn with conflict. If she acquiesced . . . there was Eunice, laughing up at him, hoping

If she refused and he found out she was to have a baby—as eventually he must—he would think she had done so because of that, using an age-old device. With all the scorn of her whole being she refused to hold him on that account.

And yet there was Eunice! And he wanted his freedom.

She put her hand to her throat, conscious of a sudden hard constriction there. It ached. She could not speak.

"We'll just have to go on from here," David said. "Pick up the pieces and go on. There's no use in our being tied. When I found you hadn't used the money . . . well, when everything's washed up there's no use in going on with a farce, is there?"

She must be calm. He must not guess. "I suppose not."

"She isn't good enough for David," she was whispering to herself. "He deserves something better. Just a little longer and he will see that for himself."

What was her pride? What if David did finally think she had held him just for herself?

"I . . . I suppose you are right," she said at last. Her voice seemed thin and to come from a very long distance away. She made a prodigious effort. "But do you mind . . . if I don't go into that for a little while? There are so many things I have to do." She knew that sounded very

lame. "When I know what I'm going to do . . ."

He nodded.

Did that nod say he acquiesced in her wishes or that it just did not matter to him? She made herself raise her glance. It did not meet his. He was looking away down the corridor.

"As you wish," he was saying non-committally. He changed the subject abruptly. "We are turning the experimental data over to the Marchand Foundation of Chicago," he said. "They think we have found something. They'll work with us at the base, too. Thanks for all you've done."

"It was nothing. I was glad to do it."

He hesitated. "I've got to run for my train." Then he said awkwardly, "Sorry about all this."

"That's all right, too. One job more or less doesn't matter."

"I suppose not, really. Let me know if there's anything . . . Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

She watched him go off down the corridor. His tall, erect figure passed the door of the ward, and he gave a friendly wave to the admiring nurses clustered there, but he did not stop. Kay had an uneasy sense of seeing him for the last time. An odd presence possessed her. Suppose it were for the last time?

Overwhelming the passing thought was relief.

David had gone and he did not know. She succeeded in her intention to keep it from him, despite her rashness in telling Eunice and the necessity of letting Hogarth know. And Cardiff was a hundred and fifty miles away and the men weren't getting leave now. Nothing was more important than David's work.

The months that followed were equally odd.

Katherine felt as though she were in a dream, one that she wanted carefully not to disturb. Resolutely she shut from her mind all thoughts of Eunice, of David.

She did not feel especially well, but neither did she feel ill. She spent hours fashioning small dresses with exquisitely neat stitches, but she did it because it was less expensive than to buy the same quality of work ready made.

January stormed into February. February blustered into March, breathing defiance of the spring that was to come.

"You've simply got to have someone with you now," Jane said sharply. "Every single cottage is deserted, and you must have somebody. Even you can have an emergency."

"I'm all right, Jane. A charwoman comes in and the fire is very simple to keep going. I honestly don't want anyone."

"It honestly doesn't matter what you want," Jane returned tartly. "I don't like your looks. I don't know why, either. If I have to I'll come out here and live myself."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not silly. It would be extremely inconvenient, and I don't want to do it in the least. I'm supposed to be near the hospital, and I certainly don't want to drive twenty miles night and morning. But I'll do it—re-sign if I have to. You can't be out here alone any longer."

"I believe you would," Katherine said, startled out of her lethargy. "Resign, I mean."

"I certainly will. Now, will you be good?"

She thought of her depleted bank account. Careful as she had been it was diminishing more rapidly than she had anticipated. And she would not touch David's money.

Jane anticipated her.

"There's a schoolgirl—in her teens. She wants a home where she can get room and board in return for her services after school. She takes a bus to the school at Sheridan. I'm bringing her out to-morrow." She could manage that, though no more.

"All right," she laughed. "If you must crack the whip, doctor. Bring her out."

The presence of the schoolgirl, who was quiet and self-effacing, should have been a comfort, but it made no actual difference. The lethargy of the winter changed somewhat as the days of the earliest spring went on. Katherine became more and more restless.

She could not analyse her restlessness. It was not an over-anxiety

to have this over. Nor was she afraid. It was just that there seemed to be an incompleteness, something missing.

"Like putting your hand out to touch something and then finding it isn't there," she thought. "Jane, I'm developing a nervousness. Will you come for a walk?"

Jane and Tom came out nearly every night now and always on their afternoon off. She found herself looking forward to Friday afternoon now.

"We'll all go," Tom said.

They walked beyond her own small patch of white sand and went on to the dunes, where the coarse beach grass grew with the rank luxuriance of weeds between the patches of snow. The late March day was cold. Lake Erie, mirroring the greyness of the sky, was restless, too. Waves pounded in over the breakwater and broke in little hissing rushes at the water's edge.

Jane and Tom talked brightly, casually, but Katherine, walking beside them, felt too weary to talk, too unutterably weary in mind and soul even to think.

It was at three next morning that she phoned Jane.

She had dragged herself out of bed. Then she went down the little flight of stairs to the hall below where the telephone was.

"Yes?" Jane's voice was quick, alert.

"It's Kay, Jane." Her voice was too faint. She must do better than that.

"Are you all right?" The question was sharp. Jane was too good a doctor to allow her tone to show alarm, but Katherine knew it was there. The telephone wire had carried the faintness in spite of her best effort.

"Are you all right?" Jane repeated.

"Do you hear me, Kay?"

Kay drew a deep breath. "I . . . I'm not exactly all right."

Desperately mustering what little strength remained to her, she gave a few concise details, ending: "I'm type four. Better . . ."

with the ambulance," Jane said firmly. "And we'll bring plasma along. We'll have donors at this end. Call the girl and get back to bed, Kay. Do you hear?" The whole of Jane's strength was coming over the wire now. "Get to bed. You'll be all right if you do."

"Says you," Katherine whispered.

She stumbled back upstairs, knocked on the girl's door as she passed, then back into her own room. How very good it was to lie down.

It would be a long time before the ambulance could get there. That did not seem to matter very much to her.

In reality it was only a little while before the sharpness of the wailing siren cut into her consciousness. "Mike came quickly," she thought. "Good for Mike."

After that she did not need to think. Jane was there and she could think for her. She let herself sink back into the sweet lethargy, relinquishing effort. Perhaps that was what she had wanted all these months, someone to think for her.

Mike, the great hefty ambulance driver, was bending over her.

"Come now, doctor," he was saying gruffly. Mike and she had been good friends for the short time they had known each other. "I'm going to lift you. Just be letting yourself go. I'll be as gentle as a kitten."

Mike was no kitten, but he was strong. She put an arm round his neck as he lifted her. It dropped back. He was strong and secure. She didn't need to cry any more.

After that she drifted away into space that was formless, peopled only with lights and shadows that moved like disembodied spirits always beyond her grasp. There were sounds, too, but they carried little significance. They seemed to be quick, very urgent. They irritated her. She wished they would stop. She wanted to be released to this quiet where somehow she would escape from the incompleteness which had so troubled her.

To be continued

HIGHLIGHTS 2GB of the WEEK

SUNDAY	The Macquarie Play "IF WINTER COMES" Drama—Starring JOHN NUGENT HAYWARD	8 p.m.
MONDAY	"MRS. 'OBBS" Grand dame of comedy provides witty hilarious moments. Mon. to Thurs.	7.30 p.m.
TUESDAY	"FIRST LIGHT FRASER" The story of a war-torn world. Mon. to Thurs.	7.15 p.m.
WEDNESDAY	"LEARN A TUNE" It's easy Jack Lumsdaine's way. Mon. and Wed.	7.45 p.m.
THURSDAY	"Library of the Air" "RANDOM HARVEST" James Hilton's story, starring John Nugent Hayward.	8 p.m.
FRIDAY	"THE ROBUR SHOW" With JACK DAVEY as genial compere.	8.30 p.m.
SATURDAY	"MELODIES AND MEMORIES" Kitty Tracy gives interesting reminiscences.	8 p.m.

KEY STATION of the MACQUARIE NETWORK



WEARS AND WASHES.

There is no better, brighter nor more serviceable material to be bought today than "Ingotene," the new all cotton cloth for frocks, slacks, playclothes, overalls or children's rompers Positively fadeless, "Ingotene" retains its "new look" and smartness after innumerable washings, and is the ideal gay, cool, and stylish summer wear for girls of all ages It is just the thing too, for curtains, cushion covers, bed spreads and similar furnishings requiring brightness with durability "Ingotene" is 35in.-36in. wide and is obtainable in a delightful variety of colours and printed designs including pastel shades. Price 3/1 per yard plain dyed. 5/6 per yard printed (3 coupons).



Ingotene

ALL COTTON FABRIC

Made in Australia by INGOT MILLS PTY. LTD., Joynton Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.



JOHN NUGENT HAYWARD, who plays Charles Rainier in the radio adaptation of "Random Harvest," heard from 2GB on Thursday at 2 p.m.

"Random Harvest" broadcast

Number five in the "Library of the Air" series from 2GB every Thursday night at 8 is "Random Harvest."

This book is by James Hilton, whose "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" was the previous dramatisation in the series.

HILTON has had enormous success with his novels, many of which have been made into films.

"Random Harvest" became famous as a film, and millions of people enjoyed it.

In the roles of Charles Rainier and Mrs. Rainier, played in the MGM film by Ronald Colman and Greer Garson, listeners will hear John Nugent Hayward and Thelma Scott, with Leon Maybank acting as narrator and also playing the role of Harrison.

Kitty, stepdaughter of Rainier's sister Jill, is played by Betty McDowell.

An exceptionally fine all-star cast includes John Bedouin, Bruce Beeby, Fred McDonald, Vaughan Tracey, Denys Burrows, Reg. Collins, Rupert Chance, Charles Tammann, Barrett Fleming, and Lella Richmond.

The book is the life story of Charles Rainier, who was injured in France in the last war.

He remembered the whine of shells, the explosion, then nothing else for three years, until he found himself lying on a park seat in Liverpool.

Although his mind kept teasing him with clues, he could not recall anything of the blank period.

He knew that he would know no peace until he had linked those past events with the present.

His life from then on he describes, half mockingly, as a simple saga of success.

But it all meant little real happiness and contentment, for he was eternally seeking the secret of the lost years.

When a disturbing sequence of events caused the pieces to come together in his mind, the clouds dissolved, leaving him, after 30 years, with a picture of the missing period and the solution of his happiness.

The adaptation by Richard Lane is a faithful version of the novel.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Nov. 24 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Googie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Nov. 25: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Googie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Nov. 26: Googie Reeve presents "A B I O Competition."
SUNDAY, Nov. 27 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Nov. 28: Googie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, Nov. 29: "What's On the Menu?"

Fashion Frock Service



Fashion PATTERNS



"EDITH," MATRON'S FROCK IN COOL LINEN
This tailored summer style has been fashioned in a medium-weight linen for the matron and outside figure. Nothing fussier or fussier is introduced. The material used is a linen-rayon and features the attractive shades of grey-yellow (which is a pale lemon), sage-pink (light medium), apple-green, light sage, dusty-pink, and sunset-blue (medium deep). The design shows a small notched collar, well extended shoulders, three-quarter sleeves, natural waist-line with self belt, and a subtle skirt, straight at sides, but slightly flared.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 38 and 40in. bust, 49/11 (12 coupons); sizes 42 and 44in. bust, 50/6 (12 coupons). Plus 1/2% postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 38 and 40in. bust, 38/6 (12 coupons); sizes 42 and 44in. bust, 42/11 (12 coupons). Plus 1/2% postage.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay.

How to obtain "EDITH." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount. Include coupons, and send to Box 5499, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust, hip, and length measurements.



F2289—Child's frock designed for the 4 to 10-year-olds. Requires 21yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3381—Decorative summer frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 38yds., 36in., and 1yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

Penguin.—Material required, 1yd., 36in. white, and 1yd. black, and 1yd. beak, 36in. wide. It stands 10in. Price, 1/4.

Kitty Cat.—Requires 1yd., 36in. wide. Size 10in. Pattern, 1/4.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:—
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 408RW, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408RW, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Needlework Notions DAINTY FROCK-HANGERS

These frock-hangers (covers only) are ideal Christmas presents for the young and old. They are made of white organza. Each cover has a different design, and may be finished with a piece of narrow lace from your scrap-bag or in buttonhole-stitch. Wooden hangers should be padded well with a layer of cotton-wool before cover is placed over it.

Each cover is priced at 1/10, or the set of 3 may be obtained for 5/-. Postage charged is 2yds. Be sure to quote No. 543 and state material required.



SLIM-FITTING VEST AND BLOOMERS FOR MATRONS

Traced clearly on an excellent washable material, rayon crepe-de-chine in pink, blue or white, this attractive set of vest and bloomers for matrons is available ready to cut out and sew together at home.

The vest is of good length, shows an uplift brassiere top and neat shoulder-strap. Bloomers are fitted with a flat waistband, nine full legs fitted into elastic at lower hem. Elastic is not supplied with the garments, however. Vest sizes 38 and 40, 10/6 (5 coupons). Bloomers, sizes 38 and 40, 12/9 (5 coupons). Postage 5yds. extra.

Complete set, 22/6 (10 coupons). Plus 1/2% postage.

Vest, sizes 42 and 44, 11/10 and 8 coupons. Bloomers, sizes 42 and 44, 10/6 and 8 coupons. Postage 5yds. extra. Complete set, 25/- (10 coupons). Postage 1/2%.

When ordering, please quote No. 544.

News from the studios

By Cable from
VIOLA MACDONALD, in Hollywood.

PLANS announced recently for forthcoming films result in two popular stars returning to the screen. Lieutenant-Commander Robert Montgomery, sadly missed from Hollywood since the outbreak of war, will play the leading role in MGM's "They Were Expendable," the story of the American Army in the Philippines. Lieutenant-Commander John Ford will direct the film.

Gracie Fields' husband, Monty Banks, favorite of the "allent" films, returns as the Italian interpreter in the screen adaptation of the best-seller, "A Bell for Adano."

Burgess Meredith has been selected for the coveted role of the well-known American newspaperman Ernie Pyle in "GI Joe," and has announced that he will donate his entire salary for this film to Army charities.

The handsome and swashbuckling Errol Flynn seems to be an ideal selection for "The Adventures of Don Juan," and the studio has announced that he will have no fewer than eight lovely leading ladies.

THE screen's perfect butler, Arthur Treacher, is appearing shortly in a war-bond drive, where he will auction his services to the highest war-bond bidder. The winner will obtain Treacher's services as butler for an evening.

AFTER seven months' marriage, Evelyn Keyes admitted that she is divorcing director Charles Vidor. As the couple had been devoted friends for several years, Hollywood thought that this marriage would be a very happy one.

The Gentle Art

Continued from page 4

HE was silent a moment, then went on: "At the Rake there's a particularly tricky slab—wall. I suppose one should call it 'The Hoids become more insecure as you ascend, and the climb's not often done nowadays. Unfortunately, it's not the place to come unstick.'"

For a few seconds I could hear only the grandfather clock slowly ticking its life away. Now, I felt, was the moment to begin.

"Remember a conversation we had a few months ago, Michael? You, Sylvia, and I, and a little talk about—the gentle art of murder?"

Watching his face, waiting for the first twitch of a muscle, the smallest sign that might mean the surprise of remembrance, I realised that he had completely forgotten the talk. Or had he? Was he merely bluffing very well, realising that things might, under certain circumstances, turn out exceedingly awkward for him? I had to bring the incident back to him, and the concern on his face deepened as he remembered the remark he had made.

Of course, any connection was ridiculous. I fully agreed, but as we talked the matter over I realised, more than before, the position in which I was placed.

"I don't think you had anything to do with it, Michael. That's not the point, though. Sylvia was there as well. She hasn't as yet, noticed any connection between the two incidents; but she may have mentioned our conversation, casually and indirectly, of course, but mentioned it nevertheless, to some of her friends. When they begin to think they may start putting two and two together. Unfortunately for you, they may make it five.

I could see that Michael was more than disturbed that he was really worried. Worried, I imagined, by something he hadn't told me. I had to get it out of him, and at last he broke down under my questioning.

"That suggestion of using our little conversation as a plot attracted me. When I got back here that night I sketched it out. I've never done anything in the fiction line before, but I filed it away with half a dozen other suggestions. The trouble is that Curran, from 'The Monthly,' comes over here pretty often. He usually runs through my odds and ends of ideas—anything I've jotted down or roughed out. And he's been through that file at least three times in the last few months."

I stopped him as he rose. "It's no



WHILE ON A VISIT TO AMERICA, Major S. F. Markham, Member of Parliament, is seen discussing conditions in England with director Irving Rapper and British actor Sir Nigel Bruce, on the set of the Warner Bros. film, "The Cors is Green."

Woman shared risks in making film

By cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

DODGING U-boats, skirting drifting mines, battered by Atlantic gales—sometimes fog-bound, sometimes sun-scorched, Dora Wright, film production manager for Crown Film Unit, shared the daily hazards of the men of the Merchant Navy during the making of the new British film, "Western Approaches."

DORA, a tall, slim brunette, early thirties, Dora has been working in film studios since she left business college.

"Western Approaches" is the most ambitious film yet attempted by Crown Film Unit. Photographed in technicolor, this full-length feature has some sequences that are breathtaking in their beauty. The story tells of twenty men who survived torpedoing in the Atlantic, and spent fourteen days in a lifeboat.

The production of this film is another story of amazing difficulties overcome and hardships endured by this talented woman who was responsible for much of the success of this new documentary.

From the day she boarded the Norwegian cargo ship to cross the Atlantic in a convoy, filming action

the light and got back into bed. In the darkness she imagined she heard a voice mocking her. "Sold your luck. Now you've done it. Maybe something terrible will happen to Bert now, before he gets home to you."

She began to cry again. "I'll get it back. I'll get it back in the morning," she said.

Little Bert was bathed and fed soon after the sun had risen. He was deposited with a neighbor.

No chance of the ring being sold before she got there, she would be sure of that. The shutters had not been taken off the shop window when she arrived. A young man was unlocking the front door.

"My ring," she said. "A little ruby one on a gold band. I sold it here yesterday. I made a mistake. I shouldn't have sold it. I brought the money with me. I'd like it back please."

The young man didn't seem to grasp what she was saying. She had to repeat it.

"What ring?" he said, pulling a tray of assorted rings from under the counter.

"That one—there—" she pointed at it excitedly.

"You say you sold it here yesterday?"

"I didn't mean to," she appealed to him. "It's a sort of lucky charm. My husband gave it to me, and he's coming back to-night, and I've got to have it."

He was unmoved. "I don't know anything about it. Who did you sell it to?"

"An older man. Dark hair. He had gold teeth in front."

"The proprietor, madam."

"Could I see him, please?"

"I'm sorry, madam. Mr. Smith left on business for the country last night. We don't expect him back until the end of the week. I'm afraid that, in his absence, I couldn't take the responsibility of returning

sequences, till the final shots were taken, cramped in a drifter off the wild Irish coast, Dora Wright lived the life of a sailor, "and I have never had a more exciting, more satisfying, more amusing time," she told me.

"One of our greatest difficulties during this trip," she said, "was to keep our position in the convoy without missing any shots. Everyone was very helpful, and, if we did drop astern, the escort would drop back with us to give protection. The journey home was a tragic one, as one of the ships was torpedoed and sunk."

"To try to keep my mind off the danger, I found myself all sorts of jobs to do, and even assisted the dish-washer in the galley, then polished the woodwork in the saloon."

It is surprising to realise that this competent business woman has a large house and family to look after.

"When war broke out, the house was quickly filled with evacuees, and my only grouse of the Atlantic crossing was that while I had hoped to get away from domesticity for a while, I found that for relaxation I was glad to turn my hand to housework again."

BETSY

turned off the light and got back into bed. In the darkness she imagined she heard a voice mocking her. "Sold your luck. Now you've done it. Maybe something terrible will happen to Bert now, before he gets home to you."

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Film Reviews

★★★ HOME IN INDIANA

PHOTOGRAPHED in technicolor with some of the loveliest background scenery I have yet seen on the screen, this Fox film is really fine escapist entertainment.

The simple, human characters are skillfully drawn, and equally skillfully portrayed by an appealing cast, and the theme has action, romance, and excitement.

Charlotte Greenwood and Walter Brennan, both excellent character stars, contribute outstanding performances, but the three ingratiating young newcomers steal the show.

Lon McCallister (you'll remember him as California in "Stage Door Canteen"), fulfils the promise he showed in his first film, and is a perfect selection for the spirited lad who loves horses.

Jeanne Crain, an enchanting, auburn-haired young thing, should go a long way in films, and the youthful glamour-girl, June Haver, although lacking Jeanne's spontaneous charm, gives a capable performance in a difficult role—Regent.

sequences, till the final shots were taken, cramped in a drifter off the wild Irish coast, Dora Wright lived the life of a sailor, "and I have never had a more exciting, more satisfying, more amusing time," she told me.

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Trigger Finger

Continued from page 7

the ring to you at its original purchase price. It would have to be okayed by Mr. Smith."

"But I must . . ."

"It isn't that I doubt your word, madam, but you will understand that if everyone who sold us goods wanted them returned for the purchase price we would have to close up shop."

"But surely . . . I only left it here late yesterday. Look, I've got the five pounds ten he gave me here, in my purse. Never took it out even."

"Yes, madam. I'm sure that's right . . ." His smooth voice, patronising, cold, was like a knife. "But I'm afraid I couldn't do what you ask."

He pulled a pair of spectacles from his pocket and carefully placed them on his nose.

"Besides," he said, picking up the ring, "this ring is marked eight pounds."

"Eight pounds?"

"I suggest that if you want it now, you can buy it at that price. Perhaps when Mr. Smith returns he may make some readjustment . . ."

She was rummaging in her bag, hopelessly.

"I haven't got eight pounds," it was a whisper.

"Pardon, madam?"

"I haven't got eight pounds."

"Then, madam, if you like, you may leave the five pounds ten with me, and I will keep the ring for you until you bring the balance."

"Yes," she said, defeated. "Yes, that is what I will have to do."

She was trembling when she reached home, so that her legs would hardly carry her up the front steps.

She thought of the two pounds she had so carefully saved for a "real slap-up" for Bert's homecoming.

Then, for the first time, she realised with increasing panic that

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average.

★★ THE EVE OF ST. MARK

ADAPTED from Maxwell Anderson's famous stage play, which caused a sensation on Broadway, the main fault of this Fox film is that in dealing with the tragedy of Cordell the theme is badly dated now.

However, the show has many compensations, and all of the terse realism of Anderson's dialogue, and the warmly human quality of his characters, is vividly brought to the screen by an outstanding cast.

As the farmboy inductee, William Eythe has his first important role, and gives a fine performance. His romantic scenes with Anne Baxter are particularly noteworthy. In the same role as he played in the stage production, Michael O'Shea also does a good job, and Vincent Price is aptly cast as the poetical southerner.

The simple story of a soldier, his sweetheart and family has an appealingly homely quality about it, and should make a direct appeal to feminine audiences.

The production is neatly handled throughout, and John M. Stahl's direction is smooth and competent. —Empire; showing.

★ GET CRACKING

IF you are an enthusiastic George Formby fan you may find his latest effort mildly amusing, otherwise this is a show you can easily skip.

George works really hard to make his stilted comedy lines appear convincing, and to inject a little spontaneity into the labored script. Unfortunately, he gets practically no assistance from the supporting players, who tackle their roles with a marked lack of interest.

The story, which deals with the rivalry between Home Guard battalions in neighboring English villages, has little to relieve it from dullness, and frequently scenes which had good comedy possibilities are spoiled by the clumsy handling of director Marcel Varnel. —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Fashion firsts for summer



● Barbara Hale, R.K.O. starlet, brings vitality to a plain black skirt with an unusual shaped top of pastel-pink dull-finished crepe, highlighted with broad bands of turquoise-blue gros-grain. Her shady hat of summer felt repeats the attractive color scheme. (Above.)

+ + +

● Joan Leslie, youthful Warners' star, goes shopping for a provocative spring hat. Her selection is a stitched visor beret of primrose-yellow, to accent her pale cinnamon tailored suit. (Top left.)

+ + +

● June Vincent, Universal glamor girl, wears a forward-tilting misty-green straw hat, bevelled and belowered. Pale mauve gloves, harmonising perfectly, add the final touch of chic to her draped frock of cyclamen silk.



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LIFEBOUY



LIFEBOUY



1 AMERICAN Susan Dunn (Irene Dunne) meets English John Ashwood (Alan Marshall) at ducal ball being held in London.



4 FOUR IDYLIC days for Susan and John, while the latter is on leave, in Dieppe after severe fighting.

Poem becomes film



5 KILLED IN ACTION, John leaves heir, Johnny (Rod McDowall), who talks with his American grandfather in drawing-room of lovely Ashwood home in Devon.



6 AS YOUNG MAN, Johnny (Peter Lawford) is host with his mother at a picnic on their beautiful estate.



7 IN PRESENT WAR John joins Army. He is fatally wounded. Nursed by mother, serving with Red Cross.

White Cliffs of Dover

WHEN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to make Alice Duer Miller's poem into a film, they chose Clarence Brown to direct, Sydney Franklin to produce.

Priceless Brussels lace veil worn by Irene Dunne for her marriage in this film is a 100-year-old family heirloom. Was worn by the star for her own wedding.



2 MARRIAGE FOLLOWS. Susan's father (Frank Morgan) proposes toast of bride and groom, while the groom's mother, Lady Jean Ashwood (Gladys Cooper), looks on. Outbreak of 1914 war interrupts honeymoon.



3 HEROIC EXPLOITS of John with Army being read by his wife, mother, and Nanny (May Whitty).



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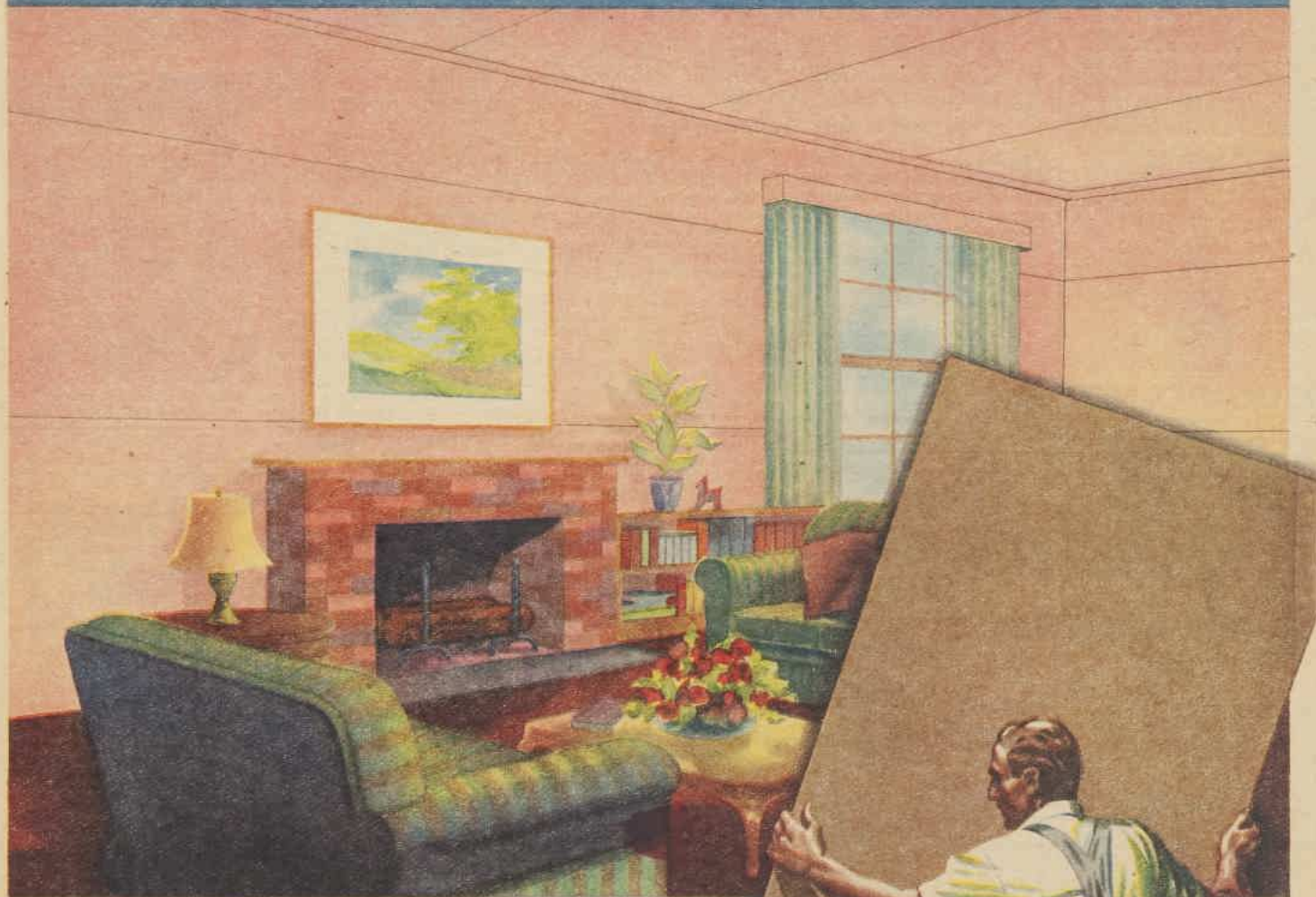


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ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 1/2, and 1/3.



MOVING the fingers slowly across forehead will erase ageing lines.



THIS gentle massage of the eye brows keeps the eyes youthful.



THIS is the movement which takes care of tired lines under the eyes.



MASSAGE from the chin to the ears keeps the jawline firm and clear.

One minute a day ... keeps wrinkles at bay

● Don't deprive yourself of the benefits of facial massage. Massage can do wonders for your skin, for your looks.

By MARY ROSE, our Beauty Expert

HERE are some simple movements which will lift and strengthen the main muscles of the face.

Memorise them with the aid of the photographs.

Practise them till you can do them in the dark, and even if you have only got time to go through them once—that takes just one minute—do them every day of your life.

1. Place both hands on the centre of the forehead, the finger-tips of the left hand just above those of the right. Now pull the fingers gently apart until the temples are reached. Press, lift, and repeat.

2. Take the eyebrows between finger and thumb of each hand.

Begin near the nose and, pressing gently, move outwards to the end of the eyebrows. Lift and repeat.

3. Place the thumbs under the chin and the first fingers at the inner corners of the eyes. Mould the fingers outwards along the bony structure of the eye socket to the outer corners of the eyes. Lift and repeat.

4. Rest the three middle fingers of each hand flat on the cheeks near the nostrils. Mould outwards and upwards toward the temples.

5. Place the finger-tips together at the point of the chin. Now mould them upwards along the jawbone to the ears. Keep the head well back when doing this movement.

6. Holding the hands loose and relaxed at the wrists, palms downwards, slap under the chin briskly, first with one hand, then with the other.

RULES FOR FACE MASSAGE

1. Don't wait until your face shows signs of wrinkling and sagging before you massage it. Massage is just as good for young faces as it is for old, for it brings fresh blood to the surface of the skin, feeding the tissues, and helping the skin to throw off impurities and particles of dead skin.

2. Wash your hands and cleanse your face before starting the massage treatment, and seat yourself in a comfortable chair before your mirror.

3. Cream the skin, and keep it well lubricated throughout the treatment.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:



COPY HER! Bettie Dickson, who plays Sue in "Big Sister," makes bags of newspaper for storing woolies in summer. She uses double thickness paper and machines all round, and the printer's ink keeps moths away. She first wraps the woolies in tissue-paper.

LINE basin with greaseproof paper, pour meat dripping into this. Remove when set. Beef dripping is best for pastry.

AM told that dye can be removed from underwear of silk frock by soaking part in cold water, then gently rubbing in bicarbonate of soda. Leave one hour, rinse in cold water.



MASSAGE the cheeks outwards and upwards to the temples.

4. See that your movements are light and steady and that they move in an upward and outward direction.

5. When the massage is over, wipe off all surplus cream with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in skin tonic or cleansing milk, or, failing these, splash the face with cold water.



BRISK slapping will prevent even the suspicion of a double chin.

Big-Sister's GOING-AWAY DRESS



★ Easy-to-Follow PATTERN FREE ★

Won't you look smart in this charming 2-piece summer suit! It's exactly the same model that Ruth wears on her honeymoon, in Australia's favourite radio story, "Big Sister."

Just look at that dainty, short-sleeved jacket! See how elegantly it clusters its blouse fullness into soft front folds! And the six-gore skirt gives a real slimming effect.

You can make it yourself, quickly and easily, if you can use a needle at all. For details of how to get the pattern and complete instructions, FREE and POST FREE, listen to the next broadcasts of "Big Sister."

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LOVELY ARRANGEMENT with mixed flowers. Arranged with simple artistry, they are destined to give color relief to a wall in the living-room.



COTTAGE TOUCH with the yellow, brown-centred marguerite daisies. These long-lasting blooms lighten up dull rooms beautifully. Water should be changed daily.

Nothing else can take their place

● The simplest of flowers can be used to bring glowing color and life to your rooms. Use them lovingly . . . arrange with skill and artistry . . . they'll repay you.



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That's not the fault of your baking but because mother had the advantage of Cream of Tartar. This dependable "raising" is not obtainable at present, but soon, maybe, your favourite baking powder or self-raising flour will again contain . . .

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How To TEST FISH

By MEDICO

LAST summer, when the family were at the sea-side, one of the children had a nasty wound from a fish spine, and another got sick from eating a poisonous fish," stated Mrs. Ellison. "How can I avoid these troubles this summer?"

"There are some quite simple rules that will help you," I replied. "Firstly, no poisonous fish has ordinary scales such as we are used to seeing on bream, flathead, or goldfish. Instead of scales, poisonous

fish have rough or spiny scales, thornlike spines, or long plates. Some poisonous fish have no scales, but only skin covered with soft bristles which may look like hair. Secondly, the jaws don't have the usual teeth, but a white, glistening, smooth beak more like that of a bird or turtle. Thirdly, the shape is nearly always unusual.

"Unless you are certain of the identity of a fish (such as mullet, bream, or flathead) do not eat the roe or liver, as they are specially poisonous.

"Even the well-known edible fish can spoil very quickly and cause sickness. Signs of spoilage are pale,

slimy gills, sunken eyes, flabby skin and flesh, and an unpleasant odor. When indented by the thumb-nail into the flesh, the pitting should not remain if the fish is fresh enough to be edible.

"Good fish should have pink to red gills, clear eyes, and firm flesh.

"On the hot summer days edible fish will quickly spoil, and may be uneatable by the time they are brought home. If the fish is gutted, washed thoroughly, and the head cut off immediately it is landed, the fish will keep longer, but a portable ice-box in the boat is the ideal method.

"Fortunately, most Australian fish have spines which, though

they can cut, are not poisonous. There are, however, some dangerous fish even in the rivers.

"It is dangerous to puddle bare-footed among the rocks. Stinging fish are often invisible on the sea floor. The stingray has a sharp spine near the middle of its tail, and this fish can thrust and wound if carelessly handled. The fish, however, is edible, especially that of small ones.

"If a poisonous fish is accidentally eaten, try the finger on the back of the tongue to cause vomiting, or drink quickly a large quantity of warm, slightly salted water. Do not give alcoholic drinks. Poison stings should be treated as a snake bite by cutting and sucking."

PLAYING SAFE

By SISTER MARY JACOB



"PLEASE, can I come out and play?" After enjoying playtime in her "pen," this appealing little Australian copy begs to be let out into the wide, wide world.

EVERY mother should early get her baby accustomed to play happily by itself in a useful "safety zone," like the one shown above, before it has wide-ranged the house in its crawling activities.

The adorable child pictured above has learnt to walk round her playground, and now seeks wider fields, although she is quite content to play happily anchored while mother does her chores.

It is bad for both mother and child if the mother has to be constantly watching it. Many serious accidents would be avoided if such a safeguard as a good type of playground (with raised floor) were more universally used.

A leaflet giving hints in safeguarding the toddler will be forwarded if a stamped, addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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SALAD PASTRY . . . Vegetable salami flan, served with crisp lettuce, iced pineapple and strawberries, and celery curls.

Summer Pies

● A wedge of cold savory pie is a grand salad stretcher for an all-cold summer dinner. On the other hand, a portion of crisp pastry piled with a frosty confection of fruit and jelly can round off with perfection a warm-weather meal.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

I LIKE a pie myself: Hot pie on a cold night, cold pie on a hot night . . . Lovely greedy thoughts!

It's a matter of taste, of course, as Hilaire Belloc, well-known English writer, neatly pointed out in his dissertation on food. He apostrophised feelingly the American pie habit . . .

"In Massachusetts, all the way from Boston down to Buzzards Bay. They feed you till you want to die. On rhubarb pie and pumpkin pie. And horrible huckleberry pie. And when you summon strength to cry,

"What is there else that I can try? They stare at you in mild surprise. And serve you other kinds of pies."

I'll admit no number of eggs or

whips of cream can make me like that American classic, pumpkin pie. But hot, creamed oyster pie followed by chilled pineapple salad or a tangy lemon pie after a light summer grill . . . well, Mr. Belloc!

VEGETABLE SALAMI FLAN

(With mustard dressing, minted green peas, and salad.)

Baked short pastry case, 1 small cooked cauliflower or 2½ cups of cooked vegetables as mixed pumpkin, potato, parsnip, 1 lb. cooked green peas, 4oz. salami sausage, 1½ cups salad dressing, well flavored with mustard.

Break the cauliflower into sprigs and arrange in the crisp, cold, pastry case. Shred sausage and sprinkle on the cauliflower. Top with the dressing and spoon the peas round edge of flan. Serve with lettuce, pineapple, and tomato wedges.

CREAMED OYSTER PIE

(Serve freshly made and follow

with crisp vegetable salad; a light, hot dish peps up a weather-jaded appetite.)

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 pint white sauce (medium thickness), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch cayenne pepper, about 2 dozen oysters.

Add lemon juice, rind, and oysters to the sauce and season further to taste. Oyster liquor may be used with milk in making the sauce. Turn into a pie-dish. Cover with pastry, decorate top and edges, glaze, and bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) until the pastry is crisp and browned, about 15 minutes. Serve piping hot with hot, cheese tomato halves.

CRAB AND CELERY SALAD PIE

(Use highly seasoned cheese pastry . . . delicious main dish for a salad dinner.)

Baked cheese pastry case (about 8in.), 2 cups cooked, flaked crab, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup white sauce, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 6 wedges lemon.

Combine crab and celery and sauce. Season with the pepper, mustard, and salt, and pile into the cheese pastry case. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Chill, cut into wedges, and top each wedge with a lemon wedge. Serve with salad vegetables.

DEEP DISH PLUM MERINGUE PIE

(Its cold tartness is refreshing to the summer palate.)

One crisp, baked pastry case (about 8in.), 2 cups plum juice from stewed plums, 1 cup stewed, sliced plums, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, peach leaf (may be omitted, but gives good almond flavor), 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Blend cornflour with a little of the juice. Heat remaining juice with peach leaf and stir in blended cornflour. Simmer a minute and add sieved stewed plums, and beat in the egg-yolks. Sweeten further to taste. Cook in double pan without boiling for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool and color, if liked, with cochineal. Remove peach leaf and pour mixture into pastry case. Whisk egg-whites to a meringue with the sugar, pile on pie, and bake to a delicate brown in a slow oven.

DOUBLE CRUST BLACKBERRY PIE

(Serve hot with spooned topping of ice-cream; it's unforgettable.)

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, flavored with vanilla, 2 cups of blackberries, 1 cup condensed milk, 1 cup lemon juice.

Line pie-plate with pastry. Combine condensed milk, lemon juice, and blackberries, and turn this mixture into pastry case. Cover with remaining pastry. Glaze with a sugar-and-water syrup, and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (325deg. F.) and cook a further 15 minutes.

FLUFFY LEMON PIE

(Use a feather-light pastry, and try topped with sliced banana, glazed with honey.)

One baked pastry case, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 eggs.

Blend cornflour with a little of the water. Heat remaining water, and 1 cup sugar. Add cornflour, and stir until boiling. Cool slightly, and beat in egg-yolks, and cook over boiling water without boiling for 10 minutes. Add the butter and lemon juice. Whisk egg-whites to a

meringue with the remaining sugar, and fold into the cooled mixture. Pile into pastry case, and chill.

SPICED APPLE SAUCE PIE

(Frost with snowy marshmallow meringue and serve icy cold.)

Six ounces short or biscuit pastry, flavored with 1 teaspoon mixed spice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ cups stewed apple purée, sweetened to taste, 1 cup milk, 2 egg-yolks, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice.

Line a deep pie-plate with pastry, trim and decorate edge. Whip egg-yolks into the apple sauce, add milk, lemon rind, and pour into pastry case. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and reduce heat to moderate (325deg. F.), and bake a further 20 minutes. Whip egg-whites to meringue, adding sugar and spice gradually; whisk over boiling water until crisping on the bottom. Pile on apple, and dry off surface in very slow oven.

CHICKEN PIE

(Serve cold with frosted pineapple slices, chilled green peas and water-cress; for special summer dinner.)

One steamed chicken (about 3lb.), 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, 4oz. ham, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, pepper and salt, 8oz. short pastry.

Strip meat from chicken and chop roughly. Place in layers with the sliced, hard-boiled eggs, chopped ham, celery, and parsley. Season each layer. Dissolve gelatine in the heated stock, and pour over the mixture. Cover with pastry and decorate top with pastry rose and leaves. Glaze with beaten egg or milk, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. Serve cold with salad.

Tastes good...
does him good



**ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT'**

Eno is now in short supply for civilians because the needs of the Services, especially in the tropics and sub-tropics, must come first. So please use your supply sparingly because Eno is on active service. The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.



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DIONNE QUINTUPLETS make a sponge (see recipe below). Cecile reads the recipe. Annette drops in the required number of eggs; Emilie takes over to whip them with sugar to a foam. The bowl of batter is lifted by Marie, while Emilie, pleased at its consistency, spoons it into a pan. Then, with bated breath, Yvonne tenderly places it in the oven.

Prize recipes

● Cucumbers have a delicious peppery flavor when hot. Try this week's starred recipe: Long cucumbers, stuffed with hard-boiled eggs and minced meat, dressed liberally with lemon juice and parsley sauce.

THE mock Spanish cream is made in a jiffy. Good for the children, too, with its milk and eggs.

BAKED CUCUMBER AND GREEN SAUCE

Two medium-sized cucumbers, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks, 1 slice bread, 3oz. minced meat, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, salt, pepper, nutmeg.

Peel cucumbers, boil 10 minutes in salted water. Cut in half lengthwise, scrape out seeds. Mix hard-boiled egg-yolks, minced meat, grated cheese, crumbled bread moistened with milk, seasonings.

Bind mixture with raw egg-yolk. Fill mixture into scooped-out cucumbers, place halves together and wrap in cabbage or lettuce leaves. Place in greased dish and bake 1 hour. Serve with sauce made by heating 1oz. butter with 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and juice 1 lemon.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Beak, Broadmeadows, via Rockhampton, Qld.

MOCK SPANISH CREAM

One packet lime jelly crystals (pint size), 1 pint boiling water, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs.

Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water. Cool and stir in milk beaten with egg-yolks. When quite cold fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Set in jelly-mould and chill until set. Pulp of 3 to 6 passionfruit, sweetened with sugar, is delicious added to this sweet.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. McLean, 9 Lofties Rd., Darling Pt., N.S.W.

OATMEAL CHEESE SCONES

Half pound oatmeal, 1lb. plain flour, 2oz. butter, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1½ cups milk.

Mix dry ingredients together, rub in butter, add cheese and mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, roll out to ½in. thickness, cut out, place on greased tray, bake 10 minutes in hot oven. When required split, toast, and butter.

These toasted scones are excellent for hot savories. Use as base for hot liver pate, fried mushrooms, Welsh rabbit, or serve with hot scrambled eggs or creamed vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

QUINS' SPONGE

Five eggs, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1-3rd cup hot milk.

Whisk eggs and sugar until thick and creamy. Fold in the well-sifted flour, and lastly fold in quickly the hot milk. Pour into 2 greased 9in. sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Sandwich together when cold with jam, and ice with soft icing.

IMPATIENT to sample the creation, Emilie tastes a spoonful while Yvonne expertly smooths on the icing. And from the looks on the faces of the two girls, the cake should be a whopping success at dinner. Try it yourself.

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them
first!



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Styles



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Wherever Women Gather
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The genuine enthusiasm and preference for Rosella amongst housewives is the outcome of a firm adherence to highest quality standards.

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BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU



Tuberculosis strikes at the very vitals of our nation. But its spread can be checked! The Anti-T.B. Association provides Clinical treatment, but needs your help in building a Modern Clinic and providing Medical Service to Country Districts. Support their £50,000 Appeal—send donations now to the Honorary Treasurer, Anti-T.B. Appeal, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney.

The Anti-T.B. £50,000 Appeal

Well, hello . . . a block of Cadbury's

*ENERGY Chocolate . . . what a day it will be when we
may once more buy all we wish . . . I can see old Harry*

again making his ENERGY pause at the

ninth . . . (just before that

long, uphill tenth) . . .



and how good it will taste

after a surf . . . I must

remember to keep that

spare block of ENERGY in the car . . . and to carry several

blocks on those hikes with old Bill... So many pleasant things to

look forward to . . . the war can't last forever . . . and the day will

come when stocks of Cadbury's ENERGY Chocolate and

DAIRY MILK Chocolate will again be on sale everywhere.